

CONGRESS, JUNE 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, TORONTO.

JUNE 17th—Wells' Hill Camp Meeting.  
JUNE 18th and 19th—Two Days with God.  
JUNE 21st—Mammoth Musical Festival in Maesey's New Hall.

# WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. X. NO. 37. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1894. [Commissioned for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



Alas, how true! The objects many men pursue are but delusive bubbles. Like a will-o'-the-wisp, their idols float before their fascinated gaze. They forget that every step brings them nearer the great fixed gulf, and, oh! how many rush on till they feel the ground giving way beneath them, and with a last despairing shriek they dash down to rise no more.

Reader, what says YOUR conscience? Are you madly pursuing mere bubbles? Stop! Look to Jesus. See Him, thy Substitute, die for thee. Yield Him thy heart's best, fullest love and glorify Him. Amen!



## SOCIAL SCRAPS.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN BENNETT  
(Secretary for Social affairs in the Dominion).

swelling round with a short, or scenes in which bunglers asked idiotic questions in an appropriate way, and so he disguised himself on other clothes, in which he more like a "trap" than anything which made the witch naturally so that he and the two companions went to "burst up the show," as an ax would say. Reassured on this the lights were turned down and the music began. "Whom shall I bring thee?" And he said, "Bring me Samuel." While the women made preparations, and was probably puzzling what excuse to make why the spic's talk on that night, and wondering what particular sort of Samuel was wanted to her intense amazement she saw what in her first excitement he thought to be "god," but on again described as "an old man with a mantle," and cried out in when she recognized the features of all-known prophet. "And Samuel said, Why hast thou disquieted bring me up?" He was naturally pleased at being called back to of this sort, and especially when he do no earthly good. And I don't whether it ever strikes spiritualists the "rapping" they speak of is probably the boasting the what's his name into similar feeling of irritation to that Samuel felt. This, however, by. Poor Saul had no excuse to offer utter misery. "I am sore distressed. for the Philistines make war against God is departed from me, and un- b me no more, neither by proprie- dreams: therefore I have failed that thou mayest make known unto shall I do." What a wall of despair in the words: "I am sore distressed. God is departed from me and with me no more. But no comfort Samuel gave. "Wherefore dost thou me, seeing the Lord is departed thee and is become thine enemy?" God were against him who could him? Samuel could only remind the warnings he had had and tell at the Lord would fulfil the doom prophesied, and that on the morrow thou and thy sons be with me" to the judgment day. "Then Saul fell into all along on the earth and was laid because of the words of Samuel. There was no strength in him; for he lay all the day not all the Poor Saul! the last hope left of it had failed him, and with despair heart he led his troops to battle, to men mowed down like grass, his Jonathan and Abinadab among the and himself to fall a suicide, a destruction of the warning—"Because I have called and ye refused; I have sent out My hand and no man re- but you have set at nought My and would none of My repose; I will laugh at your calamity; I will when your fear cometh.

Editorial "Cry." WILBERTON.

## SE DECISION.

go to your father. This the al did, and acted a wise part. Many like him, are finding they one the wrong thing in wandering from a house of love, comfort, and You know the mistake you have Oh, act at once! Decide, and re- the Father Who grieves over your and, waits to receive the best and to His home. The reason with yourself like this wild "Why should I endure this hardness when there is plenty in my heart to supply all my need; there have comfort, peace, and happiness, not longer eat the husks of sin, I do." The determination, this "I will," is the reason. Do not hest between two options. Will to obtain pardon and it is yours that cometh to Me I will in no wise let you go out." "Whosoever will, let him." God's will is that you may be whole. God wills that all men shall be saved, and sent His Son to tell us, and His disciples and followers to proclaim the ends of the earth. He wishes the ear to hear it, and how to Him. Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die, and go to the Father.

x complain for want of liberty, who their feet in Satan's fetters.

Let man keep in harmony with it, can float upon its peaceful bosom, he come in contact with it, and it will be frail bark to stones.



Captain Carruthers, of Lippincott Street,

—ANSWER—



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Now, my dear comrade, let me ask you the question, "How do matters stand betwixt God and your soul?"

"Have you been to the cleansing blood and had it applied to your heart? Or are you like the impotent man we read of in St. John, 5th chapter, who was so near to the life-giving pool, but not in it?"

There lay the poor man, not because he wanted to remain there, or had not an opportunity of stepping into the pool, but because of his inability to do so at the right time. Through the impotency of his body, and the want of someone to help him, another person got into the pool before him, while the waters were troubled. But Jesus came along, and understanding the poor man's case, proffered His help, which the man gladly accepted, and in a short while, through being obedient to the command of Jesus, he took up his bed and walked off, being made whole.

"Now, poor sinner, how long have you been lying at the edge of the fountain?" For years you have hung around it. Are you aware that the disease of sin is getting a tighter grip of you every day? "Ah," you say you have tried to be better and to do right, but you have always failed. Yes you have as you have sat in the meetings, when the waters have been troubled, and seen others get into the fountain. Then you wished you had got in too, but you only sat in your seat, and made resolutions to do and be better in your own strength, and went away failing to carry them into practice. Now while there is some one to help you step into the fountain, the waters are troubled, your father, mother, brother, sister, wife, husband and children, all stand by to help you in by prayer. But best of all Jesus wants to help you. Now don't hang back any longer. This is the season the angel is down, the waters are troubled, your conscience is smitten, you feel the weight of your sins, soon the disease of sin will have reached the climax, and the cold clammy hand of death will have laid hold of you.

Jesus asks the question, "Wilt thou be made whole?" We wait your answer, your praying mother waits your answer, your godly father waits your answer, your brother and sister, son and daughter waits your answer, the angels in heaven, and He who holds the brittle thread of your existence waits for your answer.

What is it to be? Decide for Christ, and hear His blessed words, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk."

So near to the fountain, now, what do you lack? What is it, poor sinner, is keeping you back? The waters are troubled, now, think of your soul. Step into the fountain, get made fully whole.

## AN OVERCOMER!

(I. John v. 4.)

I am glad to report that I am in every sense of the word, an overcomer through faith. This prized experience has not always been mine, for I, like many more, have been subjected to some very strong temptations, and given way to some. But I am, and have been for some time now, an overcomer. Praise God.

It has flashed through my mind while pondering over His life, that not only was Jesus Christ a mighty Overcomer in His glorious resurrection, when the women came early to the grave, seeking their Lord and Master. Instead of finding Him they found an angel, who informed them that He was not there, but He was risen. But I know Him an overcomer in the garden, in the betrayal, and on the Cross. Right through His life Christ was

## A Mighty Overcomer,

leaving us a beautiful example. The world says we cannot be overcomers, and the flesh cries out quite as loud, "It's impossible!" and the devil is none behind in his attempts to hinder or discourage us. But the Word says, "Whosoever is born of God overcometh the world."

I not only also acknowledge Joseph an overcomer, when I see him arrayed in that beautiful vesture, and driving in the king's own second chariot; but I own him an overcomer in the pit, and through that bitter temptation of that devilish woman in the dungeon, and right through his life Joseph was a mighty overcomer. And these examples of victorious lives are set forth for our encouragement. We are subjected to strong temptations of different kinds, but let us never forget that with every temptation there is a way of escape.

I own our enemies are strong and well-clad; I own their name is legion: I own they know their business only too well; I own they can level an arrow pretty well, but have we not a Christ? Is there not an armor wherewith we can clothe ourselves, that even the forces of the devil can hurt us? We shall have to turn its points. Yes, it is God, there is, and we can have it by faith and works.

Never let the devil have the chance of shooting us in the back, let us keep our faces to him.

I own the battle is a fierce one, but let us stand fast. I seem to hear the lost souls in hell crying out, "Stand fast!" The comrades of bygone days, who have lost their hold, are crying, "Stand fast! Stand fast!" And Christ is saying, "Hold the fort, Stand fast!"

Stand fast! Shall we not? We will! Then heaven shall be ours.

Let us not be like a man I heard just the other day. He said, "I was known to be a champion fighter for a number of years, but I never fought any." Oh, how the people laughed, and I thought well they might, for I myself was at a puzzle to find out where the glory was coming from he was keeping upon himself. And are there not many in this Salvation warfare, who wear the badge of honor—I mean the uniform—who are not strangers to a life of defeat? The badge cries out, "Victory!" but the life cries out, "Defeat!" The bonton cries out, "Victory!" but the life cries out, "Defeat!" Such a life is not coveted.

Brother comrade, sister comrade, do not be discouraged, there is life and victory for you. You can in every sense of the word be an overcomer by faith in God.

ARTHUR SHEARD, Garrison Officer.

## LIVING CHRISTIANITY.

The Word of God tells us "that except our righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, we shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Now what I learn about the righteousness of the Scribes and the Pharisees was all, or about all, formal, ceremonial deadness—no life—no living Christianity about it whatever. Then these words of caution to us from the Master Himself.

It is too sad a fact that so many of the professed followers of Jesus Christ to day are given up to forms and ceremonies rather than living in touch with Him Who has said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Not only was Jesus delivered for our offenses and raised again for our justification, but He also has become our life. Hallelujah. The Blood was shed to purge the conscience from dead works to serve the living God, to daily enable us to possess a living salvation; or, in other words, to possess a salvation that shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees.

John says, "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." Thank God, He has become my life, and I can say with Paul, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

Reader, has Christ become your life?

Captain Pease.

# The New Central Hall, TORONTO, I.

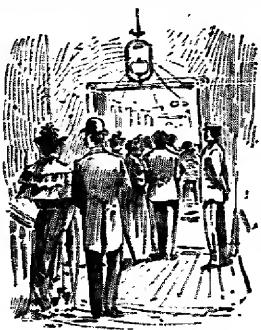
Opened Amid Shouts of Enthusiasm  
and Delight,

BY THE COMMANDANT.

Dr. Thomas Catches Fire—The President of the Methodist Conference Speaks Highly of us.

SCHEME No. IX. ACCOMPLISHED.

"Whereas it was in thine heart to build an house unto My name thou didst tell that it was in thine heart."—J. KINGS viii. 18.



Jubilee Hall, early arrivals

SCHEME No. 9 OF THE YEAR OF THE GENERAL'S JUBILEE IS AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT. Delightfully so! Now, as often as we like, we can pray all night without having to submit to "an atmosphere enough to poison one's very brain, or else to freeze one's very blood."

A greater boon than this new hall to the soldiers of Toronto it would be hard to find. No longer shall we be forced to appeal to our neighbors, or to rent an outside hall, when the forces of the Queen City assemble together to meet with God and one another.

The site of the building is the old basement beneath the Temple, but no magic transformation scene could be more startling than this. It is a triumph of architectural skill. It is almost incredible that were once we shivered or smothered in a space of

Dungeon-Like Gloom,

now we step into a delightful, airy, graceful amphitheatral hall, with seating accommodation for 600 souls, with wholesome ventilation, and excellent acoustic properties.

It was no wonder that the soldiers—in fact, everybody who crowded in, bright and early to the opening on Friday, were just about as excited as a child with a brand-new toy. We could contrast the excited buzz and chatter of voices to nothing less than the agitated babel of delight the Little Shelter children made around the Christmas tree, when Jessie got a doll, and Freddie his long-prayed-for proper pair of braces.

It was no wonder they were excited—the soldiers—for a prettier, pleasanter hall it would be hard to find, or a more appreciative audience within to scrutinize and comment on its many beauties.

Borders, Panels, Dados;

the stained oak graining; the maple hardwood floor, oiled and varnished; the ash ceiling; the bronze columns; the 600 nice new chairs; the thirty-one fancy glass globes, and the five chandeliers; the windows with old broken panes reglazed with tinted glass; the twelve semi-circular successive rows with easy five-inch steps, from the platform in the corner to the door.

But it is useless to describe—to be properly admired our Jubilee Hall must be seen. (Oh, General, live for ever!)

At last as the clock struck eight a trace was proclaimed to the surging clatter of tongues. The Commandant appeared. The band appeared; the ministers appeared; the big drum.

Rolled and Rumbled,

and the little kettle-drum chipped in. The chorus continued. The deep bass of Staff-Captain Jevor reverberated round the hall, and was lost to memory among the texts painted on the new supports to the ceiling.

Then everybody looked at one another, clasped their hands, thought it was the happiest meeting they had been in for many a long day, smiled, and sat down exulted.

Staff-Captain Jevor edged his way through the well-packed, dense mass of bandmen to his accustomed, music-stool at the organ. Brigadier de Barritt surveyed the excited audience with an air of pardonable pride, and gave out "Song Heaven," on the rapidly-swinging song-sheet. It was indescribably beautiful to hear the sound of strains that swelled for the first time in the Jubilee Hall.

"Soldiers of Jesus, Hallelujah art thou,"

and the chorus :

"Step out on the promise, get under the Blood."

The Blood of Jesus—the cleansing stream was the theme that filled our hearts, and touched the sinner's eyes above all else in the opening sentence in the first meeting. May it ever be so! Thank God, the Hall is being consecrated fast with

The Seal of Seals

at the penitent-form.

Miss de Barritt prayed, and the soldiers softly sang :

"What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the Blood of Jesus."

The Commandant commenced between the verses that the longer he lived and the more experience he acquired in the sphere in which he had been called to work the more confident he became of the fact, that there was no need, no theory, no power worth the having but the knowledge of the love of Jesus. The Commandant invited the sinners to come to the Blood, for the most illiterate man present might even now take the short cut to Calvary.

Staff-Captain Jevor besought the Lord that the General's Jubilee Hall might become the birth-place of souls, and already his prayer is being answered.

It was no wonder the Commandant felt that this was a happy occasion indeed, and he had a very pleasant duty to perform in opening the new Toronto Jubilee Hall. (God bless the General!)

The Commandant had intended to make a few preliminary remarks introducing the array of talents represented by Dr. Thomas, Dr. Parker, Inspector Archibald, and others; but as matter of sober fact, he spoke for nearly an hour with rapid utterance and fiery fervor of spirit.

The Reverend Dr. Thomas followed the Commandant, and spoke in accents full of Salvation warmth and brotherly sympathy.

He commenced by alluding to General Booth as "one who has impressed himself upon this generation perhaps more than any other man."

"I have been impressed," continued the Doctor, "since I have come into this room, and sat in a state of—I don't know what. I might call it ecstasy, enthusiasm, and astonishment, at the peculiar flow of eloquence to which we have been listening, that if I did not know it was Herbert Booth, I should certainly imagine he was a son of the family."

"I certainly not for years have listened to such a flow of earnest, enthusiastic common sense as we have listened to to-night.

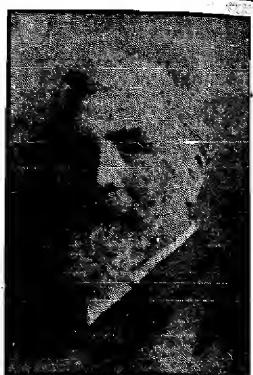
"Now, the Salvation Army for some years has stood for several things :

"1st. For an experimental Christianity. I believe that point has been thoroughly proved here to-night. My heart was thrilled before I had been in here three minutes. When I hear you talk about getting under the influence of the

Blood of Jesus,

I thought, there is a place where there must be a melting fire. Under the influence of this cleansing Blood hearts are melted, and lives are enthused.

"2nd. Another thing, the Salvation Army has stood for its practical Christianity. Why, you are going into all imaginable businesses under the sun. I don't



REV. DR. THOMAS.

which grows under pressure. You know that the best brain in the world, is that which is developed under pressure, when there was

A Fixed Goal

to keep it from running to sea, and you know that the rose has been beautifully formed, because there was pressure on every side to keep it from getting un-gainly.

"Now, the Salvation Army is growing under pressure, and it is going to make a magnificent flower, going to develop into beauty and usefulness, in which God shall be glorified, and His Kingdom extended in a marvellous way.

"Another thing that the Salvation Army has stood for a long time in my conception, is enthusiasm. (I don't know how I shall be able to preach on Sunday!) To get into

never were seen in that part of the world years after."

It is impossible to quote Dr. Thomas' eloquent speech, but, in fact we are forced to do so, as we have with little more than

A Few Main Sentences

gathered from the numberless expressions of all our speakers.



Staff-Inspector Archibald behind Dr. Thomas in warmth and words of encouragement. "I am very well sympathetic with Dr. Thomas, for somehow or other I feel the feelings he has; and I shall fall into that when I am making a long speech. I am always in attempting to say what I am surrounded by, and the only difficulty I have is

"While Dr. Thomas was little incident, another came and I think you will all be concerned with it and, then, not give it in detail."

Here the Inspector told the calling of Gideon's Army.

Gideon's Army.

How he started with an army of 3,000, which was to face the enemies at the stars, or the sun."

Gideon's army was far too mighty, for we find that a army down to 300 he achieved victory, being particular that it was only after a foolish, cowardly soul had him out.

"When I got the Jubilee spent four hours reading it when I got through, I felt only in the position to slope for \$1,000 that it would be greatest joy. For the man who has it at their disposal, we."

That Jubilee Scheme is outlined in the War Cry, not contribute of their means cut, I would not give much for it.

"I know something of the scheme by the Commandant—Scheme which has been in running hundreds and thousands of miles and crime, and placing right or wrong, and I tell you, tell you contribute towards out of this scheme, you will get the world, and something more. The figures cannot now, Commandant, I think I can do is to

Pay My Dues.

(Here he gave the Commandant his dues.)

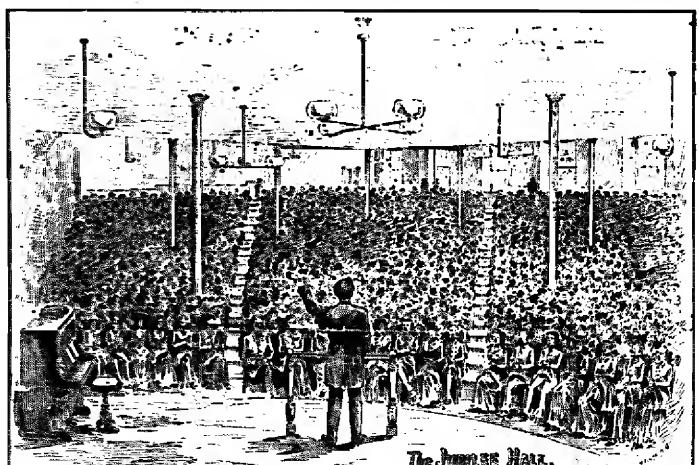
"I don't think I have ever paid with anyone in this world been with the Commandant. I don't know that I have ever had utterance from a human being greater or more Christian speech made by Herbert Booth, building to-night; and if I were building I am in, and had myself as a humble follower Booth."

The Staff-Inspector sat down with a smile of delighted approbation.

The next speaker was Dr. Parker, who spoke as follows : "I had very much at home yesterday hearing a story of one, who went into a certain hotel. The first man he met at the hotel and lodgings and generally. After a while the man that he was

An Episcopalian.

whether the man told him he was Episcopalian. Thereupon had a grand meeting that night, reading the missionary, asking him what he was an Episcopalian, and he was confirmed him.



The JUBILEE HALL.

Major Complain,

at the word of the Commandant, arose. He resolved to mind some individual who was once in the habit of frequenting "Gaff's" in London, to partake of ice-cream, and who expressed a wish to possess a throat like a swan's, that he might taste it a long way down. The War Cry Editor thanked God for a religion that he could enjoy warmth and mellow right down in the very depths of his heart.

About the heartiest of all the merry chimes was the old-fashioned :

"If a soldier you would be,  
Come along and go with me."

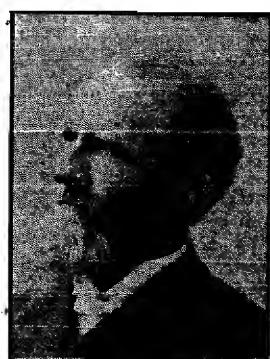
But in the refrain "Stand to arms," where every soldier should start to his feet, less than half the forces were ready for action; so the Commandant repeated the words with the suggestion that the whole audience should do it this time for once, "just to try the sentence."

It seemed incredible to think, as we listened to the Commandant's animated voice full of enthusiasm and force, that he was scarcely in a position, either mentally or physically to hold a meeting, for he had just returned from travelling over a distance of

3,000 Miles,

and in addition to conducting eight public meetings, his time had been so closely occupied with "important matters of the War" that he had scarcely time to bed one night before three a.m. So busy is our leader, pushing the interests of the Kingdom of Christ, which to him are dearer than life.

disapprove of it, either. I admire the enterprise which has distinguished this development of Salvation Army enthusiasm, and I hope you will succeed in the milk business, and that God will be glorified thereby.



REV. DR. PARKER.

"I don't want to see you getting so rich that you will be growing proud. That is the best developed Christianity is that

that place where you could not get a "Hallelujah" or an "Amen" for all the world. I was wondering at the eloquence of your Commandant. I was amazed that he could pour forth on every subject. I am not surprised that he did not get to bed till four in the morning. However, the Salvation Army has stood in my conception as representing an enthusiastic Christianity; and what is Christianity worth if it is not enthusiastic? This milk-and-water business is not worth anything if it is not able to set the world on fire. I believe the best business men in Toronto to-day are the men who place themselves on

The Altar of Their Business.

I don't think it is a good thing for most of them, but I tell you that in the religion of Jesus Christ, you cannot expend your energies, or exhaust yourselves, or concentrate yourselves with too much enthusiasm.

"Some years ago you will know that those who first inhabited Great Britain were Welshmen. By the force of superior numbers the Saxons came in and drove them back into the mountains. On one occasion there were a few of these Welsh people and the Saxons were doing them fearful damage. These few scattered Welsh gathered together in a little corner, and with them were quite a number of women with their red caps, and they resolved upon a certain word which they would unitedly shout as soon as to the Saxon army came within hearing, and the blessing of God it was effectual, for it frightened the Saxons that they had

nothing to do but to run away.

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gathered from the numbers inspiring expressions of all our speakers.



Staff-Inspector Archibald was no way biased Dr. Thomas in warmth of feeling and words of encouragement. He said: "I can very well sympathize with Dr. Thomas, for somehow or other I have the same feelings as he has; that is, I am afraid I shall fall into that awful mistake of making a long speech. I never feel any difficulty in attempting to say a few words when surrounded by Salvationists, and really the only difficulty I have is to speak short.

"While Dr. Thomas was relating that little incident, another came to my mind, and I think we will all be more or less connected with it, and, therefore, I need not give it in detail."

Here the Inspector told the story of the falling of Geddes' Army.

He then started with an army of only 32,000, which was to face an army "as numerous as the stars, or the sands of the sea."

Geddes' army was far too large for the Almighty, for we find that after thinning them down to 300 he accomplished a glorious victory, being particular to point out that it was only after every miserly, selfish, cowardly soul had been crowded out.

"Now I am glad to be here to-night, on this the occasion of the celebration of the General's Jubilee. I am sorry to say that when the General was here last, I did not have the opportunity of seeing him, but I have a friend with me—an Englishman—who knows your father well, and from all he says of your father, sir, I should judge that you are not only a chip of the old block, but

"Oh," said the man, "I don't know anything about these things."

"Well, but," said the missionary, "I thought you told me that you were an Episcopalian, how can this be when you have never been confirmed, etc.?"

"I'll tell you how it began," said the man. "Some time ago I was visiting a city some distance from here, and going into an Episcopalian Church, I heard someone say, 'We have done those things which we ought to do, and we have left those things which we ought 'er to do.' 'Well,' says I, 'that's me, and ever since I have been an Episcopalian.'

"And when I heard Dr. Thomas say hallelujah and glory to God, and speak of the Blood that cleanses from all sin."

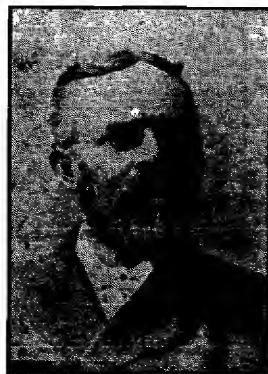
"I do not come to you to-night as a delegate from the Methodist Church, but I do in sentiment. I have the honor to be

#### The Head of the Conference

this year, and I think I can safely say for my comrades that we rejoice over this building and over your successes of the past, and pray that they may continue more and more in the future. And why should we not have an interest in the Salvation Army, for does not it come from the Methodist Church? History tells us that by a difference in the grand old Episcopal Church the Methodist body sprang into existence and founded a church within a church. And, sir, although your noble fathers made a difference, he went out and established another church, and so I hold to-night that the Salvation Army is Methodist, only a little more so. As a proof of this, I would like to know where you take your ideas of meetings but from the Methodists; our meetings need not to be complete without

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#### The Old Stock Bazaar.



#### REV. MR. DINNICK.

"Now, I rejoice at the work that has been raised through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army during these twenty-nine years."

I believe it is one thing to cut down the woods, and it is quite another thing to move houses, hamlets and villages. Now, you have been clearing the forests, and it is time for you to start building up now. How can the Salvation Army organize other churches have done? When they have swept over the country and gathered the outcasts in, is their work done? No, they have another work to do, which is an important one, and that is to build up.

I am reminded of your work by the news of this celebration—Jubilee. That was the time when the slaves were set free, and, thank God, through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army, thousands have been brought

#### From Slavery into Freedom.

Another thing that is characteristic of freedom, restoration of property, and though you say you are poor, yet using the words of one of old, I would say, "Poor, yet making many rich." For you have been instrumental in restoring lands, money, and everything to many who have lost every-thing but their lives.

Then I rejoice again because there is yet further progress and conquests for you to make. I was rather surprised to read the account of the doings of our representative at Ottawa. Among other questions that came up there was the Bill of Mr.

Charlton for the better observance of the Lord's Day. This Bill was up before and failed to become law, but with the characteristic perseverance of a good Presbyterian, Mr. Charlton is bound to put it through, so he had it up the other evening. One of the opponents of the Bill said, "The confederation of our Province is a commercial confederation, and not a religious." And went on to say, "Are you going to make a Salvation Army of us?" No," said he, "on behalf of Quebec I say we are not going to be made a Salvation Army of."

Now, what is the point of that, but that we will have almost anything, but we do not want an aggressive mode of Christianity. This puts me in mind of a little story I read some time ago about the people that came across

#### In the "Mayflower."

A few years ago a teacher asked his scholars what the people came over for? Well, those of us who know the history of the Puritans, know that though they fled from persecution on the other side of the water, yet they could do a little of that kind of thing when they landed here. Well, said they, "They came here to serve God in their own way and to make everybody else do the same." So now I think our friends down in the Province of Quebec are afraid that the Salvation Army are going to worship God in their own way, and make everybody else do the same.

And in closing, let me assure you that I heartily rejoice in your success.

We regret that we cannot report the speech of Rev. Mr. Dinnick, whose words were full of cordial brotherly-kindness and sympathy.

The only drawback was the absence of Mrs. Booth, who was detained unavoidably at home, much to the regret of the expectant audience.

The following two and fro of the "can-can" before they landed in the Commandant's mind, and the reading aloud by him of the many messages, and welcome gifts donated, caused a great deal of interest and amusement.

We still, however, need a considerable amount to complete the sum total. If it had not been for the generous hours of self-sacrificing toil put in by some of our soldiers we should be even more indebted.

**Brigadier de Barratt lets you into the whole secret—page 9—in Open Letter.**

## The Temple Floral Service.

The Floral Festival which, in accordance with the Commandant's charming idea, was to be celebrated in honor of the General's Jubilee at every barracks throughout the Dominion, took place in the Toronto's Jubilee Hall on Monday, June 4th.

What could be more delightful than the result of this meeting—glowing with color and fragrant with the sweet of flowers—SIX SOULS at the pleasant form!

Our old friend, Staff-Captain Jewer, was summoned to lead.

Our faith ran high for a good time, and we were by no means disengaged. We had such a good time that it almost exceeded our highest expectations.

In our open-air meeting we had a real blessed time. Comrades fired some real Gospel truths, which we believe were sent home to the sister's heart by the Spirit of God.

We then proceeded to our new Jubilee Hall, believing for great things to be done for the Kingdom, and from the commencement to the finish, God was with us in power and blessing. The meeting opened with that old favorite song,

#### "The Lily of the Valley."

which went with a swing. Prayer followed by two or three songs; a song from the War Cry; then a lively testimony meeting followed, led by Staff-Captain. Things were very lively for a time, especially when Mrs. Phillips sang a solo, with the chorus,

#### "We are to finish well."

ending up with the Staff-Captain and Captain Edgecombe having lively dance, which greatly amused the people.

The music rendered by the band was very much appreciated by all, especially the selection.

The Staff-Captain then drew in the net, and thus God, we had the joy of seeing six souls at the Cross. We give God all the glory.

H. F.

**Ontario Comrades should read the open letter from Brigadier de Barratt on page 9.**

## A SOCIAL DAIRY.

"The man who gives himself for other men can never be wholly without joy, but yet he can never have unclouded sunshine."

Why is it that so many people, when in trouble or difficulty of any kind, instinctively turn to the Salvation Army for help, expecting them to unravel life's mysteries, make smooth the rough and crooked paths, in short, be all things to all men? Why? Because we have, like our Master, voluntarily accepted the servant's place, and we love to be recognized as such.

This has been a very busy week. So many tales of sorrow and woe have been poured into our ears, we could not stand the burden, and so we just cast it upon Him Who loves to bear our every care.

Our first visitor was a poor man just discharged from prison, where he had served a term of five years. Oh, what stories of sin he told us! heart-rending tales of men dying behind the prison bars without God and without hope. He has, as he told us, learned many valuable lessons (true, by a most bitter experience) and is resolved to make the uprightness of the future live down the past disgrace. God help him! But why did he come to us? Because he was yearning for home, and yet he was afraid to write to the wife whom he once so faithfully promised to love. Would we write to her? Yes, most gladly. The letter has been sent, and we are now awaiting an answer. God grant that it may be favorable one, and that once more the husband and wife may be happily united.

Someone has been patiently waiting to see us—a young girl dressed in heavy mourning. We do not recognize the face, but a few words of explanation are sufficient to recall the sad circumstances. Her's, indeed, is a story of deepest sorrow; her trial seems to have completely crushed her, and she has lost interest in everything. There was seemingly so little we could do for her in this time of greatest need. But we could point her to Jesus, the all-loving, all-forgiving One. We had a few words of prayer with her, and as she left she promised to call again and see us. This was only one of the hundreds of aching, bleeding hearts in this wide world of ours. Oh, that they only knew the love of Jesus! Will you carry the glorious message?

"So, then, no misuse here?" Number three had rung the bell, and now stood on the threshold, vainly looking for some sister to whom to confide her needs. "Perhaps we would do," we ventured to suggest. "What did she want?" "I would like to be after getting a place as a kitchen maid." Although she was certainly well up in the fifties, she had tramped all the way in from the country, not even having the necessary car fare. We were indeed sorry we could not provide her with a situation; but, as we handed her a car ticket, she took the will for the dead, and with a hearty "God bless you; I know you would if you could," she once more started on what we trust would not prove a fruitless search.

It was just dinner time, and we had stolen behind the counter to have a peep at a newly-found treasure—a hungry man was waiting for his dinner. Certainly he must have had a healthy appetite, for this was his bill of fare: A large plateful of steaming corn-bread and potatoe, two enormous slices of bread, a cup of coffee, and a piece of pie—a meal good enough for anyase. Our curiosity was aroused. "How much, Corporal (we asked), does such a meal cost?" "Ten cents," was the reply. Surely, no. Yet, that was the price. Well, then, surely no one should be hungry, we are led to exclaim, like one old man to whom we were talking a few nights ago, "What would we do without the Salvation Army?"

But God forbid that we should ever be content with simply ministering to the temporal wants of these needy ones who daily seek our help.

We work for souls, and without souls we are disintegrated. Our work has many disengagements. We need your prayers; may we have them.

Yours in Christ,  
PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

**Paris.**—God has been with the comrades in power.—Captain Vincent, of the States, formerly a soldier of the corps, was present, and on Sunday led the night meeting. It was a lively time, with shouting and rejoicing.

**Chesapeake.**—Most glorious meetings this week-end. God manifested His presence. One soul for sanctification. Soldiers cheered up. Great determination to press forward seemed to provide in every heart. Sister Phillips farewelled for the Training Garrison. Already some have stepped into the vacancy caused by our sister going into the week-Convicts' faces grew. Largest march of our own people since coming here. We need only best quality, none other needed. —Captain H. C. Banks.



secretly desired to share the thinnest. His testimony, like ourerring; but never, never, never, though life was

of the shadow of the of snow and ice, price gained upon us for others.

ally, over whom had watched with other, praying and with blooded pen wrote constantly and entirely. We from the moment by a hand that

Acres, New, and every day of pen and paper given up, but I do not know what was still left behind. He was going to die.

The Lord has, and I thank Him, but have yet before I shall be

any time able to write in her have amid cruel tempest,

the Lord has

and I shall not come to

I have faith in God; He

not to me. She told me,

that she was a bad

and have going to church

come to the salvation

she has never seen

now was better health

my health with

equilibrium. I will say

she came to meeting

presently, and she

those three days in India.

ever you

happiness. That's right

alive,

words alone, for she

The last, and written in her mother's hand.

APRIL 17TH.

"Our girl—if we never meet in this world again, if we prove true, we shall meet in a better land, where the sun never sets."

From your true friend, Captain A. A. McKEAN.

The odds of the battle were all against our suffering sister. With the lengthening days the vital force ebbed rapidly away. All that could be done by the doctor's skill and her mother's hand to soothe and assuage the relentless cough and pain was done; while day by day each morning dawned a little brighter with

The Promise of Spring

is vain to the sinking girl. But never a word of censuring or angry look against the Lord, although she longed to live. She was young, and her life had been sweet and full of interest; many a faltering soul, whose spiritual steps she longed to guide, may a sister to be warned, many a comrade to be cheered; oh, yes, she would like to get better. So she hoped and planned how when the summer came once more she would be off to Muskoka, and float again amongst the bobbing water lilies.

At last the heat of the winter was broken, the familiar trees began to swell and burst with buds of promise in the strengthening warmth of the sun's rays; but Abby was dying. Then the windows were thrown open and all the bust of happy life came flooding in; the subdued sounds of the distant street, the song of birds, the shout of the children at play.

The following sabbath began to dawn with gray. Within her room it seemed a very tower of fragrant blossom, with the geraniums and roses, brought by friends, and especially by Mrs. Booth on her much-needed visits to the sick-bed. The Commissary came too, with many words of comfort.

Soon earth's sounds began to fade; her hearing failed; her sight grew dim. Still it was Jesus, Jesus.

"I can do nothing but trust now," she said. "I'm too tired to pray."

Oh, that long

Agony of Exhaustion

while we suffered in sympathy with her! The ceaseless pain, the craving for rest!

"Death would be almost better than this, Abby, wouldn't it?" suggested her mother one day as she lay gasping for breath.

"No," she said, gently.

"What then, dear?"

"They will be done," was the quiet answer of assurance. Just the will of the Lord—to go or stay. But still the petition, "Come, Jesus; come, Jesus," breathed from parched lips, and a closing throat.

Then at last the midnight summons.

The sharp call at the stair, "Come quick." "She's gone!"

Then hurried footsteps to and fro, and the mother's heart-wrung sob, "My child, my child!"

\*

So Abby was safe in heaven, whilst we, her comrades, were left to fight and toil on still.

The Death-angel had knocked at our chamber "in the still watch of the night"; but his spirit had passed "to the realms of forget." We trembled, wondering would we reach, too, when our time comes? Who, after all, is the Death-angel? Who but Jesus? Oh, yes, then if it is the Lord.

Jesus, With Pierced Hands,

the Man of Sorrows, we shall be ready when He comes, for have we not loved Him with our whole heart's affection? and have we not given all our days, and all our hours for love of Him? Oh, yes; "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

A strange peace filled the Home of Rest, for the silence of death had no terror in it—the grave, no victory! "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan past."

The midnight vanished into morning; with the fine faint dawn, the sweet sun began to fall on the lovely luxury of foliage, and we awoke again to consciousness of the pleasant needs of a dying world of men stilled on still.

K.

Most impressive was the Toronto funeral service of our dear comrade, Capt. McKean. A good crowd gathered in the Temple and listened solemnly as one after another spoke of her devotion and faithfulness.

"Now, just a word from her mother," said the Commandant, and the dear mother died her tears, and spoke of the comfort Abby had always been to her, and especially after being saved. She touched every heart as she promised to meet us all in the morning.

Miss Booth sang a verse of the beautiful hymn, "Good-night." Said the Commandant, looking on the white face in the coffin,

# GREAT MEN ON GREAT MATTERS.

## TEMPER.

BY PROFESSOR DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S.

The peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men who are all but perfect, and women who would be entirely perfect, but for an easily ruffled, quick-tempered, or "touchy" disposition. This compatibility of ill temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics. The truth is there are two great classes of sins—sins of the body, and sins of the disposition. The prodigal son may be taken as a type of the first, the elder brother of the second. Now society has no doubt whatever as to which of these is the worse. Its brand falls without a challenge, upon the prodigal. But are we right? We have no balance to weigh one another's sins, and coarser and finer are but human words; but faults in the higher nature may be less venial than those in the lower, and to the eye of Him who is Love, a sin against Love may seem a hundred times more base. No form of vice, not worldliness, not greed of gold, not drunkenness itself, does more to us-Christians than evil temper. For embittering life, for breaking up communities, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for devastating homes, for withering up men and women, for taking the bloom off childhood, in short, for sheer gratuitous misery-producing power, this influence stands alone. Look at the elder brother, moral, hard-working, patient, dutiful—let him get all credit for his virtues—look at this man, this baby, sulking outside his own father's door. "He was angry," we read, "and would not go in." Look at the effect upon the father, upon the servants, upon the happiness of the guests. Judge of the effect upon the prodigal—and how many prodigals are kept out of the Kingdom of God by the unlovely characters of those who profess to be inside! Analyze, as a study in temper, the thunder-cloud itself as it gathers upon the elder brother's brow. What is it made of? Jealousy, anger, pride, uncharity, cruelty, self-righteousness, touchiness, doggedness, sullenness—these are the ingredients of this dark and loveless soul. In varying proportions, also, these are the ingredients of all ill temper. Judge if such sins of the disposition are not worse to live in, and for others to live with, than sins of the body. Did Christ indeed not answer the question Himself when He said, "I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of Heaven before you?" There is really no place in Heaven for a disposition like this. A man with such a mood could only make Heaven miserable for all the people in it. Except, therefore, such a man be born again, he simply *cannot*, enter the Kingdom of Heaven. For it is perfectly certain—and you will not misunderstand me—that to enter Heaven a man must take it with him.

You will see then why temper is significant. It is not in what it is alone, but in what it reveals. This is why I take the liberty now of speaking of it with such unseemly plainness. It is a test for love, a symptom, a revelation of an unloving nature at bottom. It is the intermittent fever which bespeaks unintermittent disease within; the occasional bubble escaping to the surface which betrays some rotteness underneath; a sample of the most hidden products of the soul dropped involuntarily when off one's guard; in a word, the lightning form of a hundred hideous and un-Christian sins. For a want of patience, a want of kindness, a want of generosity, a want of courtesy, a want of unselfishness, are all instantaneously symbolized in one flash of temper.

Hence it is not enough to deal with the temper. We must go to the source and change the innermost nature, and the angry humors will die away of themselves. Souls are made sweet not by taking the acid fluids out, but by putting something in—a great Love, a new Spirit, the Spirit of Christ. Christ, the Spirit of Christ, interpenetrating ours, sweetens, purifies, transforms all. This only can eradicate what is wrong, work a chemical change, renovate and regenerate, and rehabilitate the inner man. Will-power does not change men. Time does not change men. Christ does. Therefore, "Let that mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

"It seems as if she had reserved her sweetest smile till the last farewell." Then Mrs. Booth sang the chorus:

"Victory, victory,  
Through the blood of the Lamb that was slain;  
Victory, victory,  
We shall meet in the paradise to reign."

The march to the station was very impressive. Large crowds looked on the cortege with the greatest interest, and we believe many were led to think of our time when they, too, would be called to account. Hallelujah!

The Memorial Service of Captain Abby McKean, of Collingwood.

(Continued on page 1.)

On Wednesday, May 17th, Captain Abby McKean, commanding the 10th Battalion, Royal Canadian Rifles, died in Toronto. He had been for some time in delicate health, and her end was not altogether unexpected. For some months past she had been in charge of the station at 60 St. George Street, Toronto, and had been in charge of the Army when they were buried on Saturday afternoon in the Presbyterian cemetery. The deceased was well known here as a young woman of exemplary life and character, and her early death is deeply mourned by relatives and friends.

"Captain McKean died last night," was the message flashed through the telegraph wire to Port Perry, where the Brigadier was visiting. Just before leaving Toronto he wished what both felt would be a last "Good-bye."

In a few hours Brigadier de Barre was in Toronto, just in time to be present at the service conducted by the Commandant and Mrs. Booth in the Temple. After that meeting, and procession to the depot, Mrs. Clarkson (the Captain's mother), Mrs. Ensign Langtry and the Brigadier took the remains to Collingwood, at which corps our departed comrade was a soldier.

life, dear Captain McKean has brought glory to God and salvation to poor sinners. Hastening to the depot the Brigadier left for Whitchurch for the Sunday's meetings. Mrs. Ensign Langtry kindly stayed behind to assist in Sunday's meetings.

### Memorial Service.

The Memorial service of Captain Abby McKean was held in the barracks Sunday evening. Although it had rained all day, there was a good crowd when it was time to commence the meeting. We all went in to make the best of the service, and God came and helped us.

One after another of the soldiers, who had been acquainted with our comrade, told of the blessing she had been to them, and also made an appeal to the unaved to get ready and meet her in heaven. Mrs. Ensign Langtry, of the Home of Rest, Toronto, spoke at length of the blessed influence her life was, and of her self-sacrifice and devotion to the war, and I believe numbers were made to feel the need of being right with God and working while it is called day.

All the comrades have pledged themselves more than ever to fight for God and do their utmost to save the perishing souls. May God bless and comfort all the bereaved ones.

Ensign D. McAMMOND.

### Death of Comrade Mrs. BOYD,

OF THE

### MONCTON CORPS.

"I Have No Fear, Jesus is Precious."

We have realized this past week the truth of the words, "In the midst of life we are in death." Our comrade, Mrs. Boyd, has gone to be with Jesus. She had been in poor health for some time, but was confined to her bed just one week before she died. Her bodily weakness prevented her from taking an active part in the corps, but her life spoke loudly of "The peace that passeth all understanding," and a calm perfect trust in the Saviour.

We visited her almost every day during her last illness, and were at her bedside when death came. The suffering at time was very severe, but she never murmured. "I have no fear, Jesus is precious," were her words, and when just before she passed away, her husband (who is Sergeant-Major of the corps) repeated the words, "Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," she finished the verse, saying, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

We gave her a real Army funeral, Ensign Croighton leading the service, which was solemn and impressive.

God came very near in the memorial service on Sunday night. Deep conviction rested upon the people, and three souls sought and found the Saviour. Hallelujah!

God is wonderfully strengthening and upholding Brother Boyd in this sad trial. May every comrade in the corps be true, and meet our departed sister "in the morning." L. DCS BARAY, Ensign.

### Invitation to Sinners.

BY MRS. MAJOR READ.

TYPE—Come, oh, come with me, where love is bowering.

(Written on the train.)

At the Cross of Calvary all are welcome, Welcome, by the Christ Who bought our ransom;

Ransome, free to all who seek for pardon,

Come, poor soul, and taste and see.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, I come now to Jesus!

Hallelujah, hallelujah, I will not delay!

Hallelujah, hallelujah, I trust now His mercy!

Hallelujah, hallelujah, He turns none away!

Has the world failed to bring satisfaction?

Has its brightest dreams proved all delusion?

Disappointment, fear, and sorrow your portion?

Come to Jesus, He satisfies.

Come, poor weary heart, oh, come now to Jesus,

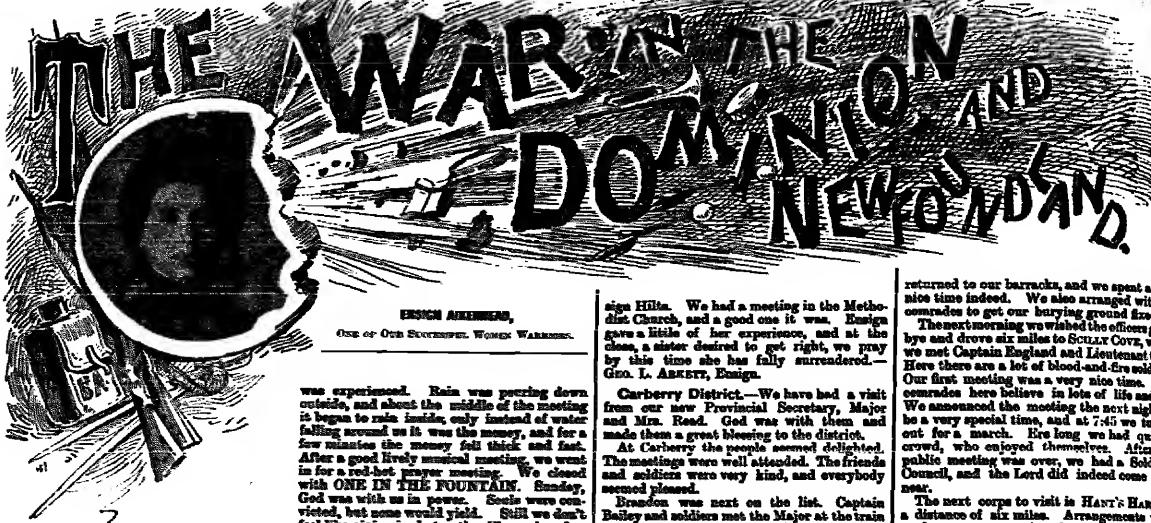
With your load of sin, from all His free grace;

Let His precious love your fears over-come,

Come, and He will save you now.







EMIGNE ABBEYHORN,  
ONE OF OUR SOUVENIR WOMEN WARRIOR.

Faversham.—Just had a visit from Adj.-ant Manser. Good meetings, and four recruits turned into blood-and-fire soldiers. Things are in a prosperous condition, for God leads the way.—Captain N. GRAY.

Stratford.—Lieutenant Davison called in at the Editorial Office and reports first-rate meetings on Sunday last. FOUR SEEKERS for pardon, one of whom was an ex-officer. God bless that ex-officer.—Ex.

Niagara Falls.—Jubilee number of WAR CRY sold well here. Although very wet day, I managed to sell all my Crys.—Hallelujah. I love to boom the Crys as it is always such a blessing to my own soul. God bless you. Yours to push the Crys.—Lieutenant FRED. YOUNG.

Bridgewater, N.S.—Praise God, we are not discouraged, although the fight is very hard at present. We had with us on May 24th and 25th, Captain Wightman and Lieutenant Hovey, with his automobil, from Lunenburg. Good meetings; no seats.—FRANK HAMM, for Captain L. Hovey.

Norwich.—Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree. God is giving us results of our labor out of apparently very stony ground. While the devil is raging God is saving. We can report THREE souls. All to the glory of God.—Lieutenant BENTLEY for Captain MCNEILERS.

Clark's Harbor, N.S.—Five months ago orders came to open fire on Clark's Harbor; orders have come again to leave for Yarmouth. We leave Clark's Harbor with (40) forty blood-and-fire soldiers and thirty Junior soldiers, and have got a piece of land to build a barracks, which is already being started. To God be all the glory.—Captain CECILY.

Dartmouth, N.S.—Since last report, God has given us victory all along. Sunday evening two of our comrades said good-bye for the Temple, Garrison, and others the meeting over. TWO SINNERS said good-bye to their old master, the devil, came home and cast in their lot with the people of God. Hallelujah.—Captain D. PALLEY.

Peterboro.—Lakefield comrades held their ninth annual meeting on May 25th. A great banquet and a real salvation meeting at night took place. People turned out well. We had a beautiful march and an open-air meeting in front of one of the hotels, but though the devil worked, God's people got the victory. A couple of the well-known young ladies of Peterboro joined in our march and helped us in the open-air. Then to the barracks, where Professors Price and Daniels gave charming addresses. The red men of Lakefield danced, and all had an enjoyable time. The meeting was conducted by Captain H. Cawsey, assisted by Sergeant Foy, of Peterboro corps.—A SOLDIER.

Forest.—We are rejoicing this morning in an all-conquering God. The devil has been trying very hard to defeat the Army of the living God, but we have proved again that He who is for us is more than all that can be against us. One man, who has been fighting against the Spirit of God for eight years, has at last surrendered, and taken his stand for God, and is having victory.

Sunday morning we had the joy of painting ONE old man, eighty-six years of age, to the Lamb of God, which takes away the sin of the world, and he is having victory. We are going in for greater things, believing that this is just the dawning of the shower. Captain J. STONER and T. CULVER.

Riverside.—A Musical Blizzard swept through this place last Thursday night. Staff Captain Jowler, the famous Life-Guards Band from the Temple, and several other wonderful musicians present. A good time

was experienced. Rain was pouring down outside, and about the middle of the meeting it began to rain inside; only instead of water falling around us it was the money, and for a few minutes the money fell thick and fast. After a good lively musical meeting, we went in for a red-hot prayer meeting. We closed with ONE IN THE FOUNTAIN. Sunday, God was with us in power. Souls were convicted, but none would yield. Still we don't feel like giving in, but rather like going forward.—Captain SAMUEL ELLIOTT.

Montreal I. is still fighting. After a couple of meetings' rest, Captain McNeil has returned strengthened and full of faith; he has taken God for his healer. Praise God.

Last Monday, we had a welcome meeting in the shape of a trades' union demonstration, and for cross social. Staff Captain Sharp was with us. The crowd, considering the weather, was good. A fair share of trades' something like twenty-five made it lively.

We altogether are encouraged to fight and see the dying masses brought to the feet of Jesus. God and soul is our battle-cry, and next time you hear from us, we trust to be able to report many victories. There are great schemes afoot from Montreal I. Hallelujah! God bless Emigne, and baby. Everyone for a valley.—Lieutenant G. HERTZ.

St. John, V. B.—God has blessed our work in the past few weeks; SOULS have sought Christ. We have felt God's glory in our souls, and we know He will help us in the coming trials. Captain and his life-and-Glory Cadets from H.M.S. Melville, have farewell from us, and gone to Fredericton, in charge of the Training Garrison there.

In our open-air, Captain Bryce, with his soldiers, and with our half-sabre, snare-drum, while Sergeant Mrs. Wiley, marched forth, while the crowd followed. Returning to our barracks for the meeting, which was a grand success, though somewhat with the participation of our officers. In the morning, a number of soldiers went to the boat to see them off, and as the boat was leaving the wharf, they sang:

"God be with you till we meet again."

We will miss them much, but we pray our loss will be their gain. We have one thing to cheer us on, that while we are true to God He will never forsake us. We pray He will bless our new leader, and inspire her from on high, and we will be able to proclaim Christ with pure hearts.—A. J. Candidate.

St. Catharines District.—We have just had a visit from Major Coupland and Staff-Captain Streeton. This was on the 24th of May. It was rather rainy, but we did enjoy their visit to our town.

Music and singing, lots of it; and lots of all lots of conviction in the meeting. It was full of interest, and the people will come to see you, Major, and Staff-Captain, if you come again. Keep watching the mail, and I shall drop you a note, telling you when the strawberries are ripe, and we shall try and get some of these strawberries saved at the same time. We are on the rise, I believe.

Last Sunday, Sergeant McNeil and wife bade farewell to the Training Home, after being good faithful soldiers, the latter some two years in the corps as a soldier. We were sorry to lose them, and we do feel it since their departure.

Miss Arkett, Little Arkett, and myself held special meetings at Welland. The little Arkett stood the spellbinding very good. He did not think much of the train when it stopped, and would give vent to his feelings, and as soon as the train moved, it pleased him. This is the spirit of a warrior. Lord make him a warrior for the Kingdom.

The meetings were good. Captain Weaver was on hand, and did good work. The open-air were good. After telling all day Sunday, no one would surrender.

On Monday, the order was banquet at six p.m., and the people did it up first-rate. The finest of cake and pie I ever saw; abundance of food. And after the first supper was over, Miss Arkett gave her nine years' experience as a Salvation Army officer. The battles and victories, and especially the victory up to date.

On Tuesday, Mrs. A.—returned to St. Kitt's to take a soldier's meeting, and I went to part Calabria. This is the home of Es-

sias Hiltz. We had a meeting in the Methodist Church, and a good one it was. Emigne gave a little of her experience, and at the close, a sister desired to get right, we pray by this time she has fully surrendered.—GEO. L. ARKETT, Emigne.

Carberry District.—We have had a visit from our new Provincial Secretary, Major and Mrs. Read. God was with them, and made them a great blessing to the district.

At Carberry the people seemed delighted. The meetings were well attended. The friends and soldiers were very kind, and everybody seemed pleased.

Brudenell was next on the list. Captain Bailey and soldiers met the Major at the train at 11:30 p.m. The Major in his own original style did a great deal towards getting everybody interested and to work in the meetings. The first open-air enrollment was conducted. A good crowd gathered, and everybody seemed pleased. Mrs. Read interviewed a number of the leading men of the city with a view to getting support from the Council towards the Reance Home. Ten girls already have gone from the city during the last few years.

The Reance meeting conducted by Mrs. Read Sunday afternoon was very interesting. A collection was taken, which was responded to fairly well by the people.

The results of Mrs. Read's interview and address were that \$50 has been granted by the Brudenell Town Council for the support of the Home.

The meetings at Rapid City were good. Major Read inspected a proposed site for a new barracks, and made some arrangements in connection with raising the necessary funds to build. The soldiers and friends of Rapid City were very kind. I am sure the Major and Mrs. Read will not soon forget their hospitality and love.

A rather slow trip brought the Major and Mrs. Read to Nepean. Candidate Captain Westcott had done his best to have good arrangements made. The meetings were of a very interesting character, and much good was done.

The soldiers and officers all round the district will not forget this visit. Many of them will look back upon it as a time when they first learned to sing solo and do many equally interesting and profitable things in a public meeting.

Adjutant MAGNUS.

Central District, Nfld., Brigade-Captain Freeman.—On Saturday we left for our new district, and as we are going among new people, we determine to be a blessing to all we meet.

Our first stopping place is Broad Cove, and then four miles of a drive we are at Diloo (a new opening), where we meet Captain Brad and Lieutenant Legge doing their best to bring the lost to Jesus. We spent Saturday and Monday here. On Saturday night we had a very nice time with as many friends as we could squeeze into the small little barracks.

On Sunday morning we commenced at 7 a.m., with sixty-nine present to walk on God for power to enable us to fight and win for Him that day. God came very near, and blessed us. So we go forward with renewed vigor. In the morning holiness meeting, God revealed Himself to quite a number, and when we dined in the eat-in one came for pardon and four for cleansing. We finished with a wind-up, and the new chorus.

"He brought me out of darkness into light."

In the afternoon we marched from our barracks to the lodge used by the Reformed Church people. When we got there there was a large crowd. Oh, didn't these加拿大人 dance singing and pray, and before we closed we could rejoice over four precious souls. Back again to our little barracks for the night meeting, and it is so small that only a few more souls people can get in, but we had a good time all the same, with one sister coming to Jesus.

One more meeting at this place, and this one is to be a special one, when we enrolled twelve more under the flag. We drew the meeting to a close with four more finding pardon.

The comrades are building a new barracks, and I expect when they get fair play to work that a great lot of good will be done.

The next corps in our district is Hants' County, where we arrived on the following Saturday. We had a very good day here, finishing at 12 o'clock with one poor heckler in the fountain. We went to our homes feeling very tired in body, but rejoicing over the victory of the day. Next night, a special time speaking on the Army work. So we commenced with a rousing march, then we

returned to our barracks, and we spent a very nice time indeed. We also arranged with the comrades to get our bunting and fixed up.

The next morning we wished the officers good-bye and drove six miles to Seaton Cove, where we met Captain England and Lieutenant Cole. Here there are a lot of blood-and-fire soldiers. Our first meeting was a very nice time. The comrades here believe in lots of life and fun. We announced the meeting the next night to be a very special time, and at 7:45 we started out for a march. Ere long we had quite a crowd, who enjoyed themselves. After the public meeting was over, we had a Soldiers' Council, and the Lord did indeed come near.

The next corps to visit is Hants' Harbor, a distance of six miles. Arrangements were made to start early the next morning. Although it was very wet, yet we had to go on to our appointment. We had quite a time getting them through all the break-downs. Captain Mercer is still the same. This is to be the District Headquarters for the present time. Our first meeting was a proper time. The Lord came very near.

On Friday night we had a holiness meeting, and everyone present gave us to understand that God had full control of their life. The soldiers of this corps are a proper lot; they know how to take hold of God in prayer.

PELICAN is the next place to be visited, and on Saturday I started off to walk fifteen miles. At this time it is very poor walking, nevertheless I pushed my way along.

At Seaton Cove I met Sergeant J. Butler, who is holding the fort here, and he told me that he and nineteen or more saved the winter. Go ahead, Sergeant, it is better to be here.

The next stopping place is at Mr. James Strong's, seven miles from Pelican. Had something to eat here, and prayed with them, and left a WAR CRY. Then off for Pelican. This is a new opening, and Captain Campbell has had some blessed victories here. She is small but tough, and apparently the comrades don't want to lose their Captain yet. We spent three days here. We pray that our visit was made a blessing to the dear people.

We had a meeting at Seaton Cove coming back, and quite a crowd gathered in the old house, and we closed praising God for all His goodness. Hallelujah!

## "SHADOWS!"



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The word "shadow," has several definitions given to it in the dictionary. Some of them are in the nominative case—a faint representation, a type, protection. The verb to do, to cast, to shade, etc. In the passive case, to be shadowed, to be shaded, to be covered, etc. In the fifth of Act, Gardner, downing, no shadow on the instead of falling wall, were as what was the coat to the door to plain. These clothes, eat a dinner in pure white, of light. Immediately the fifth of Act and I thought clothed in the p

# Bread on the Waters.

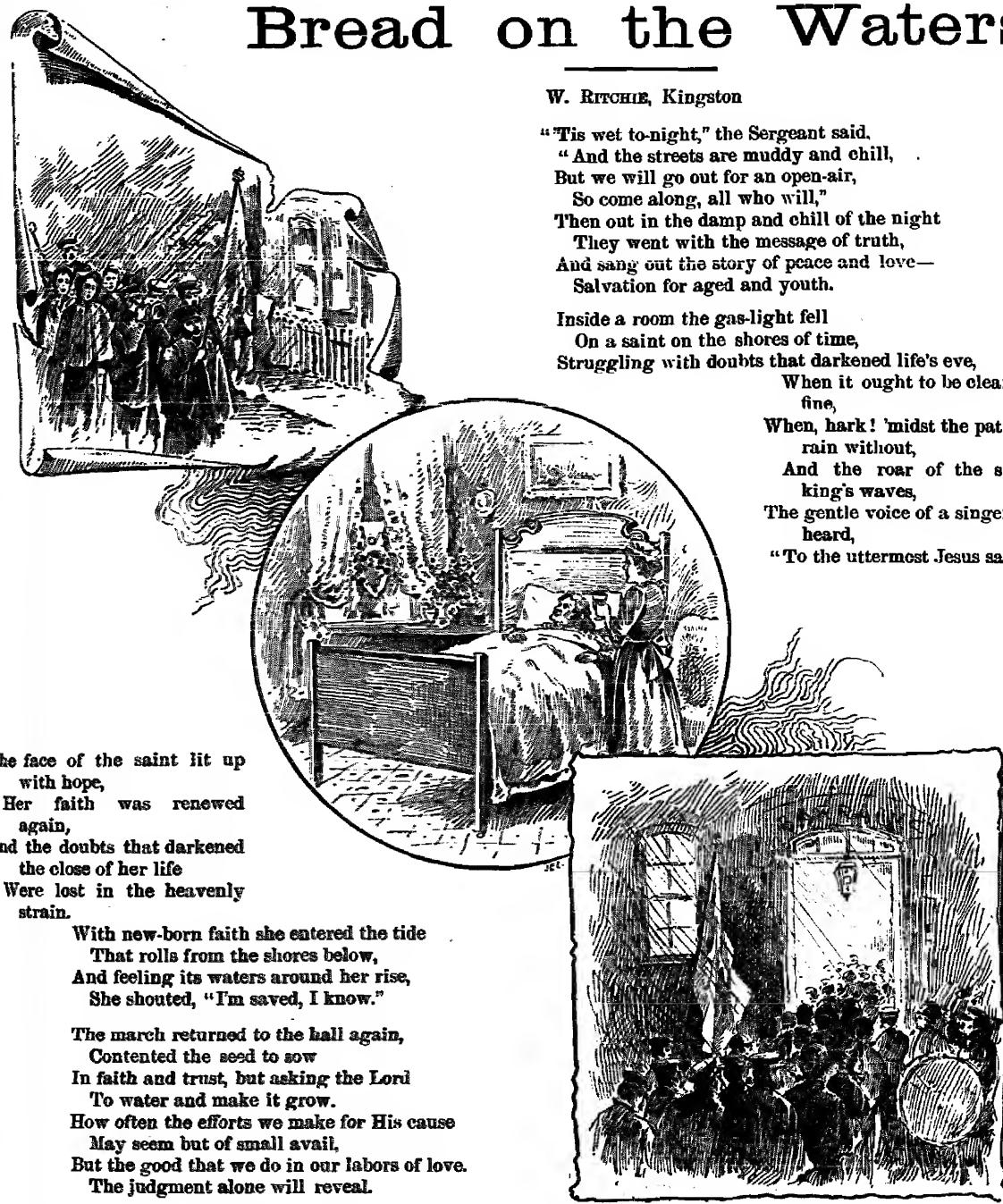
W. RITCHIE, Kingston

"Tis wet to-night," the Sergeant said,  
"And the streets are muddy and chill,  
But we will go out for an open-air,  
So come along, all who will,"  
Then out in the damp and chill of the night  
They went with the message of truth,  
And sang out the story of peace and love—  
Salvation for aged and youth.

Inside a room the gas-light fell  
On a saint on the shores of time,  
Struggling with doubts that darkened life's eve,

When it ought to be clear and  
fine,

When, hark! 'midst the patter of  
rain without,  
And the roar of the storm-  
king's waves,  
The gentle voice of a singer was  
heard,  
"To the uttermost Jesus saves."



The face of the saint lit up  
with hope,

Her faith was renewed  
again,  
And the doubts that darkened  
the close of her life  
Were lost in the heavenly  
strain.

With new-born faith she entered the tide  
That rolls from the shores below,  
And feeling its waters around her rise,  
She shouted, "I'm saved, I know."

The march returned to the hall again,  
Contented the seed to sow  
In faith and trust, but asking the Lord  
To water and make it grow.  
How often the efforts we make for His cause  
May seem but of small avail,  
But the good that we do in our labors of love.  
The judgment alone will reveal.

Why was there such virtue in even  
Peter's shadow?

I believe it was because it was a type of the shadow of Christ. What's shadow, healing many. But as to the definition of the verb, to shadow; even the one, to protect, comes far short, for there was much more than protection in Peter's shadow—there was healing.

Some five years ago, while in charge of Camps, Oryon, one afternoon while lying down resting, my attention was drawn to the shadow on the wall. I noticed that some, instead of falling as a dark cloud upon the wall, were as a ray of light. I wondered what was the cause, and I got up and went to the door to find out. It was soon explained. Those passing by, dressed in colored clothes, cast a dark shadow, and those dressed in pure white, cast the reflection as the ray of light. Immediately this fifteenth verse of the fifth of Acts, flashed through my mind, and I thought it was because Peter was clothed in the pure robes of

Christ's Righteousness.

that his shadow possessed such virtue.  
We, also, my comrades, cast forth our

shadow by the way. Let us ask ourselves the question, "Does the shadow of my spiritual life fall as a dark cloud, or as a ray of light upon those around me?" If we are clothed in the pure robes of Christ's righteousness it will be as the latter and for the healing, not of bodies, but of precious souls.

There is not as other verse in the whole of God's Word which should be more encouraging to the backslider than this. If you are willing to repent of your backsliding, and come back and obey God, He is ready to take you back, baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and use you even as He did Peter. Come back to Him at once, and let Him cleanse you, and put on you these pure robes, and your shadow will then be as a ray of light, to lighten souls to the Cross.

Thank God, no instrument is too lowly for Him to use, if it is clean. JAYAWANTH.

PIONEER officers for Gibraltar, Malta, Port Said, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Java, and Japan have been appointed.—*Pacific Crest Crier*.

MAJOR MARSTON has been appointed as successor to Colonel Radie in the command of the Liverpool Province.

## AT HOME.

In our native land among our kindred,  
we are at home, having been born and lived  
together.

Now, Christians who are born from  
above, feel they are but pilgrims on earth;  
by the spiritual birth they have become  
heirs of heaven. Now, this is the native  
soil they long for; its inhabitants are of  
their language and race. They are laying  
up treasure there, and their aim is to reach  
this land they love, and, while on their  
journey, to encourage their friends and  
neighbors to accompany them for Christians,  
if like their great pattern—Christ—  
are unselfish living to do good, following  
in the Master's footsteps. Christ's invitation  
was, "Follow Me." So if we are following  
Him, we must pass on the invitation,  
"Come with us to the heavenly country."

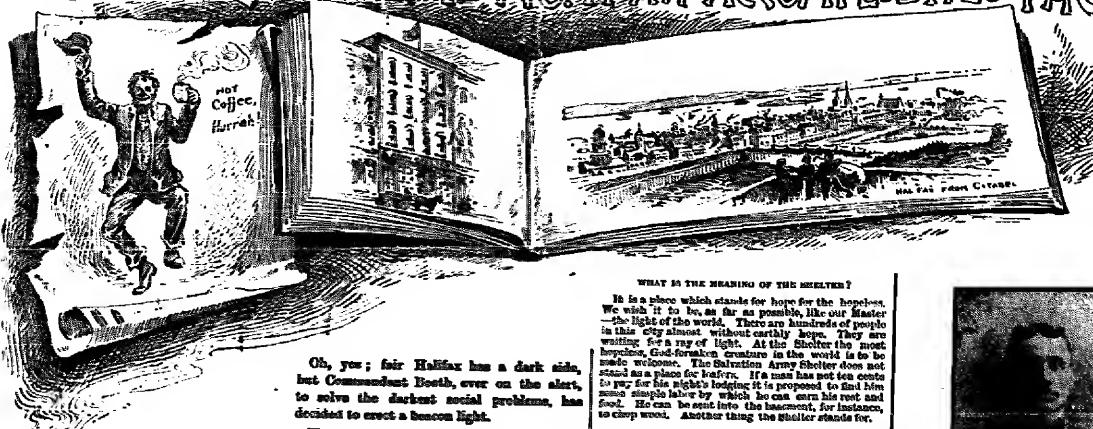
Paul expresses his willingness to be  
home with the Lord, and in later life, he  
longs to depart and be present with the  
Lord. Yet he says, if for others benefit

for their progress and joy in the faith, he  
is content to abide in the flesh if his pre-  
sence will help on the glory of Christ in  
them.

This is not our rest. Here we are to  
work, fight the Lord's battles, work in His  
vineyard, sow and plant the seed of the  
Word, and water the plants, tend the con-  
verts, encourage them, strengthen their  
weak hands, lead them to the Fountain of  
Life, work while it is day. There is a rest  
that remaineth for the people of God, but  
not until He calleth, "Come up hither,"  
"Well done good and faithful servant,  
enter the joy of thy Lord."

THE processions of one kind or another  
which delight in parading the streets of the  
Metropolis never fail to accompany them-  
selves to the tragic music of life and drum  
and to the monotony of tune which is some-  
times unbearable. . . . The band of the  
Salvation Army, among all these bands of  
musical horrors, is alone to be honorably ex-  
cepted.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

# JUBILEE SCHEME NO. II AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT.



WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE SHELTER?

It is a place which stands for hope for the hopeless, for shelter for the shelterless. There are hundreds of people in this city almost without shelter, day and night, waiting for a ray of light. At the Shelter the most hopeless, God-forsaken creature in the world is to be welcomed. The Salvation Army Shelter does not stand as a place of shelter. It is a place of hope to go for his night's lodging. It is proposed to find him some simple labor by which he can earn his rest and his food. Men have been sent into the basement, for instance, to clean wool. Another thing the Shelter stands for.

## IT WILL BE A HOME FOR THE HOMELESS.

Oh, yes; fair Halifax has a dark side, but Commandant Booth, ever on the alert, to solve the darkest social problems, has decided to erect a beacon light.

The "Muirhead" building, on Hollis Street, has been remedied and converted into the "Salvation Harbor." To open which, we had a flying visit from

## Our Commandant,

who, accompanied by Brigadier Jacobs, arrived on the Atlantic Express on Monday.

Tuesday afternoon and evening, services appropriate to the occasion, were held at three p.m., in the Church of England Institute. Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Ritchey presided over a select meeting, expressing his gratification that so many were present. Mr. Ritchey referred to the marvelous growth of the Army. It began in the worst parts of London, and had extended through the continents on both sides of the sea; the number of enrolled soldiers now being four times as large as the British army. It is apparent the

## Apprehension of God

is upon the week. Mr. Ritchey said he did



SERGEANT-MAJOR HOPKINS.

out of the ordinary walls of His! The Salvation Army serving a man who has to eat and drink twice three as a meal to reach his soul. The Home will supply food for the poor at the cheapest rate, and make it possible for the plainest person to buy the greatest luxury purifying him. He may give the Army a ticket, or shod and fed food may be given on condition it is worked for.

## AS TO CERTAINTY OF SUCCESS.

We carry on our work for the sake of Jesus. This Castle, which we open today, will be carried on the same lines as the others, to feed and clothe those in charge of it. We shall also use our own experience in Canada and the world to bear on the work.

## CITIZENS OF HALIFAX MUST HELP.

To equip this Shelter we have incurred an expense of \$2,000. The sum of \$600 is already contributed and promised. This is the people's own responsibility. The Speaker is not specially commissioned to establish and maintain a home for the poor. He is not half so responsible for this work as the people of Halifax who have lived here all their lives.

Ex-Governor Ritchey then asked Rev. Mr. Alcock to speak. "The shelter department," said he, "of the Sailor's Home did not fill the want supplied by the proposed S. A. Shelter. The churches feel they owe a debt of gratitude to the Army for its attempt to solve the social problem. Halifax was a most charitable community, always ready to respond to the cry of distress."

Rev. D. M. Gordon said he always felt and spoke kindly of the Army, and trusted there would be more and more fully the most cordial understanding between the Army and the church.

## "Cannibals"

were then passed round for subscriptions and the meeting brought to a close.

At 5 p.m. a goodly number assembled outside the Shelter, when after prayer and a short address, the Commandant hoisted the flag amid loud cheers, turned the key, and the "Salvation Harbor" became a fact. Inside, obliging waiters poured out steaming

W. BOCAUGH, a late convert.

tea and coffee over the counter at two cents per cup, and served lunches for

## Insignificant Sum of 13 Cents.

We will now give our readers an imaginary trip over the Harbor. In the basement is the laundry work-room and heating apparatus; ground floor, large dining hall and spacious kitchen; 2nd floor, first-class sleeping room, reading-room and office; next floor, officers' quarters and smoking-room; then the large dormitory. Bath-rooms are on every floor. There will be accommodation for about 70 men.

After an immense open-air on the Market Square, a Great Social Demonstration was presided over by Mr. John Burgoyne, President Y.M.C.A., who filled the position ably. Captain Young soloed.

The Commandant, though weary, succeeded in working the meeting up to a satisfactory pitch. The chairman could not at first understand, but decided the Commandant wanted him to clap his hands, he did not know why he should not give expression to our joyful feelings. In this way Mr. Burgoyne thought the reason of our growth and success could be summed up in one word Love. He would not take any more time but give way at once to the Commandant who geographically depicted scenes of misery and suffering.

## The Poor Fallen Women

who, perhaps, more weak than wicked, had given way to temptation was branded, while the monster who caused her downfall is received into society. The honest, friendless men, poor little wails, called loudly to us for help and deliverance. In the Army there were men and women willing to work unalarmed for the sake of suffering humanity. In this Jubilee Year fifty new schemes are being launched. One—the Rescue Home, now an established fact in Halifax with eight inmates already. The Home would prove too small. Then the Salvation Harbor to-day dedicated—was again brought to the notice of Halifax's generous charitably disposed citizens, an appeal made which met with response. Much more money is needed to clear this scheme, but Halifax will do it.

**JUBILEE SCHEME NO. II.** That energetic leader of God's hosts in the East, Brigadier Jacobs, had no

## The Commandant

OPENS THE

### Food and Shelter for Halifax.

#### HALIFAX CITIZENS SYMPATHISE.

#### Brigadier Jacobs in Evidence.

BY ENSIGN HARTREY.

Halifax has another addition to its long list of philanthropic institutions. It is a fact worthy of note, that in a city of its size in the Dominion, are there as many charitable "Refugees" as in this city? Here are homes for the infant, orphans, wayward boys and girls; the blind, deaf and dumb are also cared for, but there has been no special place where the hungry poor could be fed and housed, at the same time be brought under the direct influence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. That such a place is needed, we have but to remember the hundreds of men, who of necessity must from time to time visit Halifax, follow them to

## The Haunts of Vice

on Water and other streets. The glaring lights invite to dens of infamy and shame, where the devil has his abandoned servants, "whose steps take hold on hell" to entrap.



ENSIGN H. HARTREY.

The daily papers tell of a young girl of tender years, drunk, and dragging around the room of their wretched abode, the form of her dead mother. Then of a man dancing on his wife's coffin.

## SERGEANT-MAJOR CASEY.

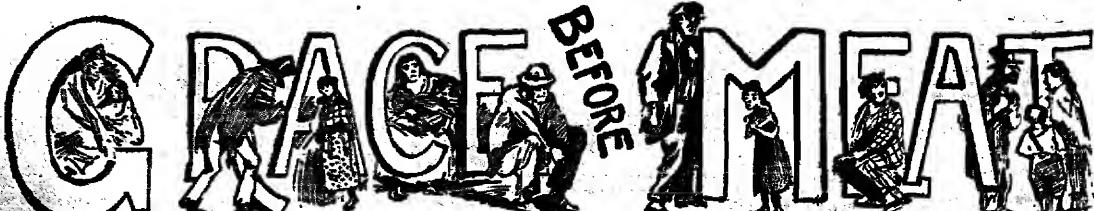
not instant making a speech, but intended sticking to the chair. Commandant Booth was then introduced.

We quote from the *Halifax Morning Herald* the following:

Commandant Booth spoke plausibly of the churchman's observations concerning the great improvement which he was the representative. A majority of the best and brightest people God has in the church are now in the Army. He plead for still greater sympathy. He didn't want to leave the people of Halifax that the Salvation Army is the advance guard of the church. The Army is found in the dens of vice, among the ranks of poverty, crime, and evil to be found nowhere. The work there three endeavor to reach to church and to save. W. T. Booth had recently enlisted the Army as the vanguard of the church.

The Army brings hope to the hopeless; joy to the sad; light to the dark; courage to the trembling heart; among the poor and depraved. Therefore, church members should always be on the Army's side on that fact and a dollar bill in their hand.

Mr. Booth had hastily come to Halifax to do the work, to complete it to its noble work, by helping the poor, the sick, the lame, the maimed, etc. That is generally admitted; but there are some who think the Shelter is not needed. Let them go on in that belief on condition that when they are convinced that the Army is needed, and that it is doing a good work, they may doubt what they might give now.



sooner returned to Albion than he had gone into extraordinary effaced walls of the Eastern standard of the heart of the enemy.

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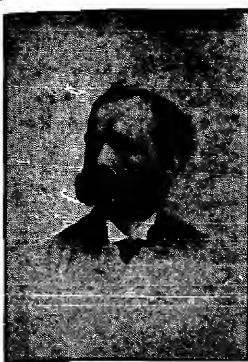
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MR. JOHN BURGOINE.

sooner returned from his short furlough to Albion than he found himself plunged headlong into new schemes and extraordinary efforts to seize the battlemented walls of the fortress of sin in the Eastern Province and plant the standard of blood-and-fire in the very heart of the enemy's position.

Perhaps the most important of those advances is the Halifax Food and Shelter Depot Institution for men, popularly termed "The Harbor."

Concerning Halifax, the Commandant, with the eye of a strategist, has made the following pregnant observations:

Halifax is to the East what Vancouver is to the West. The one is the gate of the Atlantic; the other, the outlet to the Pacific. Between them, and represented by a belt of iron, is probably the most energetic an enterprise as could be found on the globe. All that wit, wealth, and influence can do to reverse those that incense steel girdle, the commerce of two or three empires, will be done, and the doing of it must essentially bring prosperity to the two cities having the link to complete the beginning and the end of the chain. More than this, anybody must see a dynasty of god fellowship, and profitable intimacy, is springing up between the Dominion and her sister colonies under the British flag in South Atlantic. Canada and Australia will link hands more and more, and pledge together for their mutual benefit. But it is on the Atlantic that the first great move has to be taken. Geographically, Canada, and not the United States, is the key to the New World. It is only a question of steam power and twin propellers. Given the same facilities between Halifax and Liverpool, that now exist between Liverpool and New York, and it will be on the soil of Nova Scotia, rather than in the ports of New England, that the North Atlantic voyager will plant his foot on terra firma. The facts that precede over the entire diapason of the human race, are on the side of Canada. Twenty-four hours less of the horror of sea sickness will enlist many a thousand passengers by our route. Therefore, the project now in foot to establish an Anglo-Australian line of steamship services should succeed, what, future there lies ahead of our magnificent harbor of the East.

For this reason alone, it behoves us to look out and be ready for the incoming tide; but there are other reasons. Halifax is a great shipping centre already. Her wharves are crowded with craft from all parts of the world. Tens of thousands of emigrants land here, and the gallants of the North Atlantic squadrons, of the British Navy, patronise her institutions.

The legions of the yellow, red, and blue have not been negligent of so important a position. We have had for some time four fully-equipped, forts blazing away at the devil and capturing his positions. In Staff-Captain Howell's time a splendid new fortress was erected for the No. 1. corps, and there is a Christy Institution for women who have lapsed from virtue, in the shape of the Rescue Home, presided over by Ensign Hartree, the report we will now submit to our readers.

Another distinct advance is made now, and we pray God to bless the work of the "Salvation Harbor."

(From the "Evening Mail.")

The meeting in the afternoon was at the Church of England Institute, presided over by ex-Governor Richey. The chairman introduced Mr. Booth, addressing great enthusiasm as so many were present. He referred to the miseries of the slaves in Africa. It began in the worst parts of London, and had passed through the confabulations, on both sides of the sea. In three months, the number of carried slaves in four times as many as the slaves in Africa are transported in thirty-seven languages. It is apparent that the seal and approbation of God is upon the work.

After more further expressions of kindly interest in the Army, Mr. Richey asked Mr. Booth to begin his

After the Commandant had spoken, there followed  
ADDRESSSES BY REV. P. H. ALLEN, AND REV. D. M.  
COOK.

Ex-Governor Richey then asked Rev. P. H. Allen to speak. He responded: "The Salvation Department of the Sailors' Home did not fill the want supplied by the proposed Salvation Army Home. The great thing is to help the poor that they shall not be poor. We have a home for the poor. Halifax is a poor town, and the continuance of the scene there, which had been used in that way. It enabled men who wanted to work to do so. But it had been discontinued, and the poor were not made to work. The poor were not self-sustaining. Halifax is a most charitable community—always ready to respond to the cry of distress. The churches feel they own a debt of gratitude to the poor, and are anxious to do their best to help the poor by enabling them to help themselves."

Rev. D. M. Cook said he always felt and spoke most heartily in favor of the Salvation Army. He joined the Army came to the churches for it. He trusted there would be more and more fully the most cordial understanding between the Salvation Army and the church. We are all under the same Master.

BESTOWING THE PLATE.

Commandant Borth, accompanied by several others, then proceeded to the Shelter on Hollis Street to inspect the work. He found the building a four-story building, a group of soldiers, men on the sidewalk and prayed fervently. After short address he hoisted the Army colors. Then the crowd entered the building, and were seated from top to bottom. It will be in charge of Captain Edwards, and Captain Edwards, and furnished accommodation for seventy men. In the basement is the laundry, workshop, and washing apparatus. On the ground floor is the lunch room, and in the back the cook house, plain and airy. On the floor above are reading and smoking rooms, baths, officers' quarters. The floors are given to sleeping and recreation, where men may lie down in comfort. There is a general room, clothes drying room (the facilities will be given the men to wash and dry their own clothing). Beds are arranged in tiers so as to accommodate eighty.

## NEWFOUNDLAND.

### SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

"We're Marching On!" — Rough Travelling, but Souls Getting Saved.—The Latest Method of Announcing the Meetings.

BY ADJUTANT SHERTON.

Since last report have received orders to take charge of the Southern District, where for some time past, Brigade-Captain Freeman has been leading on the forces. The appointment was hailed with joy. District Headquarters is at Grand Bank, some 200 miles from St. John's. Money is scarce. Kind friends, however, are not so.

True to the spirit of adaptation, Cadet Cove and I arranged with a friendly skipper of a schooner, who was going that way, to take us as far as Burin. Waited about a fortnight for wind to change. It was dead against us. Ice blocked the shore till at last we could wait no longer, and had, therefore,

To Abandon the Schooner  
and go by steamer. Captain Batten was also

our valises (one unsaved.) Arrived at Grand Beach perfect strangers, but these dear people treated us with

#### The Greatest Kindness.

Dr. John Hiscock made us very welcome at his home. May God reward him! After a night's rest we commenced the remainder of our journey, some fourteen miles, to Grand Bank. Snow was falling, but it being the first of May, we little expected it would be very heavy; it was not, however, until about 6:30 p.m. that we sighted Grand Bank, after travelling nearly ten hours in a heavy snow and wind storm. For the last three miles we had to beat our way through soft snow which came over knees at every step; owing to this and the fact that we had to travel

#### On the "Land-wash."

and through the woods most of the way, we reached Grand Bank in a very fatigued condition. God gave us special strength or we should never have accomplished the journey. "Mother" William's home was the first one we reached, and we were compelled to stay until a horse could be got to convey us to the quarters.

GRAND BANK.—The welcome meeting was only a foreunner of the many happy times God has given us already, and the many victorious ones God is going to give us in the future. Up to date, we souls have found Salvation, and several "the Glory." God is indeed helping us, and by His Spirit revealing Himself unto many.

Lines are being laid for a desperate attack on Grand Bank, and by God's help, every sinner shall be warned of their danger and urged to come to Calvary's fountain.

We are praying, believing and working for a revival.

FORTUNE.—A Thursday night was spent with our Fortune comrades. We had a profitable time together. Many of our comrades from the Southern Coast are away at the "Bank" and on the "Labrador." Will the War Cry reader remember them at the Throne of Grace? There's a life of hardship and toil, away from loved ones and fairing.

#### The Dangers of the Deep.

God bless them and keep them.

SEAL COVE.—This is a famous little place for Salvationists. An exceptional place. The latest census returns report the population as follows:—Total, 101; Salvationists, 109; Church of England, 1. I looked forward with pleasure to a visit. Unfortunately, however, the returns are hardly correct. There are a number of these dear people outside the fold.

The "Hero," under Sergeant Goo, Hiscock (skipper), was leaving Grand Bank for their "hail," and so kindly took our little punt in tow across the bay. We sailed at twelve o'clock noon, and seven p.m. we bid God speed to our comrades on board the "Hero."

To say our small punt tooted, is hardly strong enough; for a time after leaving the schooner, the waves seemed to carry her about like a shell. Seal Cove was in sight. Darkness however set in, and look as we would, no lights could be seen. After running up and down the bay for a time, we had no alternative but to drop anchor, and patiently wait for the dawning of the day.

"Uncle John Derry" soon had the fire going, fish boiling, etc., etc. We had supper on board.

At four a.m., after seven hours on the schooner, and nine on the punt, we

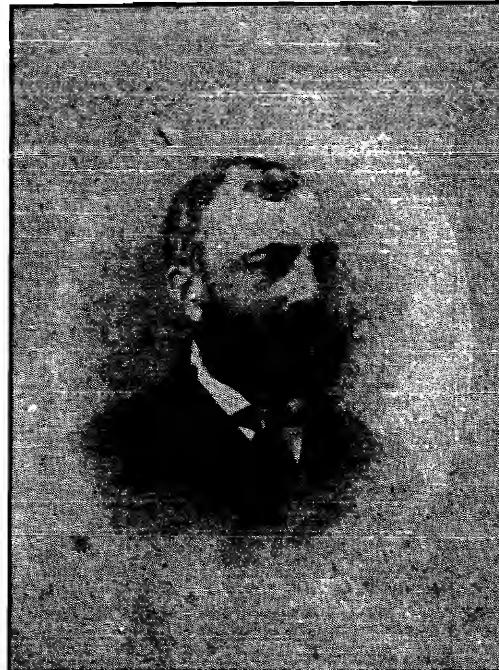
#### Touched Terra Firma.

and soon found Lieutenant Clarke had a warm cup of tea, which was much enjoyed. Our Seal Cove comrades, not having a big drum, use a fog horn to announce the meeting. This I break against anything for being heard.

We had a nice time, several testimonies being given to God's saving and keeping power. Hallelujah! Before leaving we were able to collect sufficient money to purchase a long-desired drum.

Next day, with a fair wind and a smooth sea we landed back at Grand Bank after a seven hours' run.

CHANNEL corps has not yet been formed, but from latest reports prospects are good.



EX-LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR RICHEY.

#### FOR THIRTY-THREE CENTS.

A man may obtain both, supper and bed for the night. Tickets for this will be sold and can be obtained by citizens who care to help the Home, and have the means. Testimony will be given to the value of the cost of everything. An idea of the cost, and its cost for the night being ten cents:

Soup.....	2 cents
Supper and bread.....	2 "
Bread and butter.....	2 "
Pies.....	2 "
Tea (one cent).....	2 "
Breakfast and potatoes.....	3 "
Mutton chop and potatoes.....	3 "
Supper (two).....	3 "
Breakfast.....	3 "

#### THE EVENING MEETING.

The evening meeting took place at the Orpheus Hall. John Burgoine was in the chair, and he filled the position admirably. He helped fit all the members of the congregation into their seats. The great propelling power of the Army, and the explanation of its growth could be summed up in one word—"Joy."

Commandant Booth spoke at length of the great social problem.

Saturday night's meeting was a rouser, finishing up with a "real Garnish rally."

Sunday, all day, the Spirit of God was felt in our midst. Afternoon, two backsiders returned to the fold. Hallelujah! At night God came very near. Many deeply convicted, but none would yield. Lord save Garnish!

Monday, after waiting several hours for wind to change in order to sail down to Grand Bank, we decided to walk. The first nine miles to Grand Beach was done with very little difficulty, two dear friends helping with



CAPTAIN EDWARDS.

## East Ontario Province,

BRIGADIER SCOTT.

### Rising! Going Up! We'll Get There!

News comes pouring in to the War Office; quite encouraging, too, that we are going to hit

The Bull's-Eye,

yes, if not go over the mark for soldiers and candidates during '94.

Each district has now their target. The D. O. say, "We'll get there," either by hook or crook. That's what we want; to be desperate and cry "it shall be done." Desperate! Desperate!

The "Woman," who ranks as Ensign, reports good meetings at Picton and Bloomfield.

Twenty Recruits

enrolled. Hallelujah! Captain Maffett is making things up at the later place, while his neighbor, "Kendell," is getting a move on at Picton. Good!

NOTE.—Kempville has had an enrolment. Four came under the colors. Captain Brandt follows Captain McKinnon, who we hope, will get four more; yes, double that number added to the Roll. Cheer up!

QUEBEC.—Staff-Captain Sharp reports two ready for enrolment. Good again. Three others for the officers.

Remember—500 soldiers and 50 candidates during '94.

Other corps beside the ones mentioned are marching on. Thank God.

Was at Picton the other night. Met Adjutant Taylor and Ensign McMillan. Bounced tramped, then to the open-air. Had a good pitch-in; felt looks to come away. A kind invitation was extended to the town band to "fall in," but this was no go.

Had a fair crowd in the barracks. Good meeting, but no souls. The officers have got the quarters cleaned throughout, which makes things look all the better. I expect an enrolment here shortly, if it has not taken place already.

## CANDIDATES.

Oh, yes, who should not be a candidate? Who, indeed! Come, my comrade, before your day of grace (for efficiency) goes by. Send in your application, and send it now, now.

Since last week's note, two applications have come in. Praise God. Pembroke sends one and Athens the other. That's two from Pembroke. I've an idea there is more than one from Pembroke. Captain Crichton will help the boys all he can. Won't you, Alexander, oh?

Kingston has now six candidates—no McGillivray there, do not come in the boom. Three are accepted, other three pending; also one for the Training Garrison, and two in the field. Good for the Lincolnes City.

Anxiously waiting, however, from Picton, Belleville, Peterboro', Ottawa, and Montreal. What about Brightons, Millbrook, Perth, Cattiville, etc., etc. "The Lord hath need of these."

I'm now writing from Cobourg, an old battleground. What sights and scenes come to one's mind when standing on an "old battleground." Old and new faces greeted us in the open-air and at the indoor meetings.

Jubilee Sunday was put to use here with Ensign Scarf and her brave. Ensign McMillan came to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Lieutenant Morris was also on hand. We reviewed old times together, and praised God for His saving and keeping grace.

Early and late we toiled for the salvation of the people. Three good open-air and five indoor meetings, and yet no one saved; yes, very near were some, but would not enter in—would not.

The soldiers fought well in the prayer meeting. God bless them.

NOTE.—All the sisters (without exception) have on bonnets. Good! They even beat the brothers for uniform; still keep believing. Do you wear uniform?

Next Saturday and Sunday we spend at Picton and Bloomfield. Put in a few meetings through the week; attend to business in general; keep well saved, and hope to see all comrades at the Congress full of fire and the Holy Ghost.

Obedient God! What does it mean? Scolding team, mocking scorn, Tolling tollings, smarting thorn— Obedient God.

Obedient God! What does it mean? A lonely path, an aching heart, And off the seeming losing part— Obedient God.

Obedient God! What does it mean? Joy, and light, and peace, and love, Seats on earth, and heaven above— Obedient God.

## THE BAR-ROOM STANDARD.

A Singular Place to Find the Bible Standard of Holiness.

A Christian woman, who had been converted at a holiness meeting, and was making it lively for her drunken husband, said: "This holiness is a new doctrine; command her for

yourself; it's the strangest preaching I ever heard." So he happened to be sober enough to "navigate," and to please his wife (for he was glad she had been converted) went and learned, without sermon on holiness.

After this, she said: "What do you think of this new doctrine?"

"That's no new doctrine; that's just the bar-room standard of holiness, and if ever I become a Christian that's the kind I mean to have." And he has it, too, and is preaching it. He meant by the bar-room standard, that

the fallen men who spent their time in bar-rooms drinking, smoking, cursing, blaspheming, filthy story-telling men, hold just a salvation that is to save vile men from being drunkards and the lowest down men, and not a salvation from all sin. They know that the taste of sin will get them back again, and the want-to-drink is taken out of them. They know that if it is ever taken out of them it must be by supernatural power. The fact is, the world stands and goes to-day to see the supernatural. —Sister.

"AS IT IS"

In Mary Temple, and a half contributed. Press on Mrs. Hart's article says:

Frances Willard in Gibbon, France, has the charm of person of God in a threshold blessing," but Mrs. Herbert B. is still better known to distinguished a critic has said: "She is a charming woman of a

again after describing appearance, a rectly, M. T. B. goes

This sounds quite would be truthful. Beauty of soul are more or less patient and persistent and is commendable form are God-given, to herself cannot object gift and grace. Mrs. Hart in this respect as in all when she intimated to me has to be valued a virtue of God than to deeply blessed, but this who has outlived with winning quality, that we, for want of a better expression, and with as comes from a fine advantage of having advantages. Mrs. Hart, however, every encouragement beginning in her choir.

Speaking of Mrs.

She finished her lecture to speak with as much ease a tongue. From child to man, and expert of all kinds of song, with this and her home more and more both rich and strong the congregation or the choir.

Mr. Hart, minister for foreign

threw herself whole

to his work among

also maintaining a lit

up kitchen, visiting

to the dying—all go

the Army which has

up to this time.

And this seems to

set the little story

Monsieur Schoch's education that

query, and with

traveled much. The

London. Standing

hovel room one

of men and women

down the street sin

beating tambourine

heartily yet when

they all thought

utterly without rhyme

and her sister

O'Hearn, leader of

the women, taught

the lettering on the

many brigade, and

was a religious

it then appeared

to be a national

and, and

come on, girls,

and see what

believe even London

novelty?

While they had

certain it is they

From this time

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Army arrived in A

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Since then all w

rest history of

caravan—how, with

the foremost ranks

in Belgium, and to

as a family unit

second only to the

It seems that

Booth's capable

if as, they met

following occur:

"What ails you,

her enquire of the

the Women's Refu-

women" set up a

stomach, and her

face, etc., and wh

the little mite of

form was telling in

the 1860s, and he

**"AS OTHERS SEE US."**

In Mary Temple Bayard's two column and a-half contribution to the Pittsburgh Penn on Mrs. Herbert Booth, that versatile writer says:

FANNIE WILLARD in writing of Mrs. Booth-Gibson, Francis, has said: "Whoever brings the charm of person, voice and manner to the service of God and humanity has brought a thousand blessings." This trinity of grace in Mrs. Herbert Booth, in no less degree than in the good and gifted "La Marquise" or than in Mrs. Ballington Booth, will better known to us, and of whom no less distinguished a critic than Chauncy M. Depew has said: "She is the most beautiful and charming woman of my acquaintance."

Again after describing Mrs. Booth's personal appearance, as we think pretty correctly, M. T. B. goes on to say, full apologetically:

This sounds quite gushing, I know, and I would be ashamed of it were it not a strictly truthful. Beauty of the mind and nobility of soul are more easily acquired through patient and persistent study and right living, and in this respect. Beauty of face and form is God-given; therefore even Mrs. Booth has not object to a mention of such gift and grace. Miss Willard as sensible in this respect as in all others, is quite right when she intimates that personal graces are less to be valued when brought to the service of God than to any other calling. But doubly blessed for doing good is that woman who has coupled, with physical beauty that winning quality, that angelic purity which we, for want of a better term, call personal magnetism; and with this again such culture as comes from a finished education and the advantage of having been well born; all these advantages Mrs. Booth has had, and, furthermore, every encouragement from the very beginning in her chosen line of work.

Speaking of Mrs. Booth's fateful meeting with the Army, the sketch goes on to say:

She finished her education in Germany, learning to speak four different languages with as much ease as she used her mother-tongue. From childhood she was noted for her pity, and especially for her great gift of music and song. Then, as the years rolled on, with this and her largeness of heart, she became more and more a universal favorite among both rich and poor, in the mansion of the aristocrat or the hovel of the pauper. In conjunction with her special friend, the Rev. Miss Hartson, the daughter of the minister for foreign affairs of Holland, she threw herself whole-heartedly into charitable work among factory girls particularly, also maintaining a library for poor boys, a soup kitchen, visiting the sick, and singing to the dying—all good training for the Salvation Army which had never even been heard of up to this time.

And this seems to be the niche in which to set the little story of her first sight and sound, especially the sound of the Army. Maxine Schoch was a great believer in the education that comes from practical inquiry, and with his wife and daughter interested much. This time they were doing London. Standing by a window of their lodgings one evening, the quaint company of modest women they had even then come down the street singing, blowing horns and beating tambourines, Mrs. Booth laughed heartily yet when she tells how "awful" they all thought the performance was, how utterly without rhythm and meaning. How she and her sister (now the wife of Colonel Oliphant, leader of the Salvation Army in Holland), laughed over the horrid bumptiousness of the women. Finally their father made out the lettering on the banners carried by the noisy brigade, and getting the idea that it was a religious meet, the movement, pride as it then appeared to be, appealed to his devotional nature, and he said:

"Come on, girls, let us follow where they lead and see what it all means, for I don't believe even Lucifer can furnish us a greater novelty."

While they had not gone to see, exactly, certain it is in them remained to pray.

From this time date, M. Schoch's generous donations and ready sympathy for the Salvation Army, and four years later, when the Army arrived in Amsterdam, he not only enlisted with them these deeply people, but brought all his family into their ranks.

Since then, all who have followed the event history of Salvationism, know his name—how, with his wife, he has fought in the foremost ranks in Holland, Germany, and in Belgium, and travelled as envoy for the committee to the International Headquarters. As a family united in the work they are moved only to the Booths.

It seems that in the course of Mrs. Booth's ramble round our various institutions, they met a poor destitute, for the following occurs:

"What sits you, my poor woman?" I heard her exclaim of a bundle of dirt and rags, at the Women's Refuge. Whereupon this "poor woman" set up a wail about her head, her stomach, and her limbs, she was such a soft form, and, while the wall was going on the little units of a matress in the Army uniform, was telling me how drunk she was when we left, and how she had begged for the

bottle that had been taken from her. But the ministering angel had no rags, either in jewels or money, but took the swells, dried them in her hand, and said:

"Yes, you know we have been unfortunate, and that you are ill, but we will make you well. You must have a bath and a bowl of soup, then you can lie here in this clean bed until you feel better. Now don't you think God has been good to you, to furnish all these comforts?" You mustn't forget to thank Him for it all, will you, my good woman?"

Do you wonder that I felt at that moment that here was a woman at whom first I could sit and learn endless lessons of the good, the true and the beautiful in womanhood? But she would not have any of us at her feet, so this nobly-born woman, rather by her acts, animating in her many schemes of benevolence; and if we found such happiness in the work as Mrs. Booth does, it would prove a paying investment, even from a selfish standpoint.



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# THE GREAT CONGRESS!

TORONTO,  
June 12th to 21st  
(Inclusive).

Officers of all rank agree in saying it will be the

## BIGGEST, BRIGHTEST and BEST

on record. The Program is as follows:

TUESDAY, June 12th, Provincial Secretaries' Council.

WEDNESDAY, June 13th, Staff Council, Y.W.C.A.

THURSDAY, June 14th, Staff Councils morning and afternoon. Reception Banquet to Field Officers at 7 p.m., in the Lippincott Barracks.

FRIDAY, June 15th, Council for Field and Staff Officers in the Jubilee Hall.

SATURDAY, June 16th, Musical Rehearsal in the Jubilee Hall.

SUNDAY, June 17th, Old-Time Camp Meeting on Wells' Hill. Meetings at 7 a.m. and 11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m.

MONDAY and TUESDAY, June 18th and 19th, Two Days With God in the Jubilee Hall. Meetings at 10:30, 2:30 and 7:30.

WEDNESDAY, June 20th, Special Excursion to Hamilton, per steamer "Eurydice," sailing at 9 a.m. Open-Air Bombardment in the afternoon. The Impressive Solemn Assembly at 8 p.m., in the Wesley Methodist Church.

THURSDAY, June 21st, Great Musical Festival in the Massey Music Hall—500 Singers and Instruments. A Gorgeous Sight. A Niagara of Melody.

## • THE COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH •

WILL COMMAND, ASSISTED BY

The Brigadiers, the Majors, the Staff-Captains, the Adjutants, the Ensigns, and the Field Officers of Ontario, Newfoundland, the Great Northwest and the Eastern Provinces.

Railway Rates will be issued from all points—Return Journey for Single Fare and 15c. Be sure you ask the Station Agent for a Certificate.

### PRAY AND BELIEVE FOR THE BEST SERIES OF MEETINGS EVER HELD IN TORONTO.

SUPERIOR SLEEPING ACCOMMODATION will be arranged for soldiers—the men at the Workman's Hotel and Lippincott Barracks, and the women at the Working Women's Home, next door to the Temple.

CANDIDATES NOTE.—Candidates attending the Congress should make themselves known to their Provincial Secretaries. Your case will be greatly facilitated by so doing.

## LET US SING!

### Eternity, Where?

BY MAJOR COMPLIN.

TUNE—*Oh, Galilee.*

There is a heaven, all bright and fair,  
You may its untold glories share;  
To miss its joy, how can you bear?  
"Where will you spend eternity?"

CHORUS.

Eternity, eternity, where will you spend eternity? (Repeat)

There is a hell of blackest night,  
Without one cheering beam of light;  
"Twill be the sinner's future plight,  
"Where will you spend eternity?"

These loved ones who long since have died,  
And safely crossed the swelling tide,  
Re-echo from the heavenly side,  
"Where will you spend eternity?"

### The Great White Throne.

BY AUXILIARY, VANCOUVER.

TUNE—*Whither pilgrims?* ("B.J.", 63; "S.M.", 1, 21.)

Lord, we in Thy name assemble,  
Bless the seed in weakness born;  
And may all who're in this barracks,  
Meet around the Great White Throne.  
Let those vessels, weak and cast, to Thine honor here to-night;  
And may we, as faithful soldiers,  
Ever keep our armor bright.

Jesus, Master, fields are whitening,  
Silent sleepers in our land;  
Providence seems to rain hastening—  
Come—O, manifest Thy hand!  
In the conflict, ever faithful—  
Losing sight of me, and mine—  
Give us souls to-night, blest Spirit,  
And the glory shall be Thine.

### A Closer Walk.

BY LIEUTENANT WILLIE WHITE.

TUNE—*From every stain made close.* ("B.J.", 1, 21; "S.M.", 1, 21.)

Dear Lord, I want to live  
Each day to follow Thee;  
A holy, consecrated life;  
Devoted, Lord, to Thee.  
That sinners may win,  
And bring them to the Blood,  
Where they can have their sins forgiven,  
And start to live for God.

(Request for chorus.)

Dear Lord, I want to come  
Still closer to Thy side;  
Each day I want a closer walk,  
With Thee, O, Lord, to Thee.  
No stain, no sin I seek,  
But precious souls to win;  
And while I in Thy love abide,  
I trust to Thee shall bring.

Dear Lord, I claim the power  
Just now before Thy cross;  
To enable me to prove to man,  
That Jesus Christ can cleanse.  
From all impure desires,  
From malice, envy, pride;  
And keep them clean through that blast  
Again,  
That flowed from Jesus' side.

### Perfect Love.

BY BROTHER J. E. HOPE, VANCOUVER.

TUNE—*With panting heart.* ("B.J.", 6; "S.M.", 1, 28.)

I praise my God for all His love,  
The perfect gift sent from above;  
That Christ should come on earth and die,  
For such a sinner e'en as I.

CHORUS.

Happy day, etc.

I now from sin am daily kept,  
I'm now awake, but once I slept  
In sin and woe and misery,  
But God through Christ has set me free.

Since in His care my soul I leave,  
I dare no more His Spirit grieve;  
But of His love to others tell,  
To have them from a burning hell.

Sister, He's calling now for thee,  
For you He hangs upon the tree,  
That all your sins might be forgiven,  
And you may wear a crown in heaven.

### My Experience.

BY CAPTAIN WIGHTMAN.

TUNE—*Oh it is glory.* ("B.B.", 82; "S.M.", 1, 53.)

Once in sin's dark road I wandered,  
Knowing not God's pardoning grace,  
Till the still small voice did whisper,  
"Will you turn and seek my face?"

CHORUS.

Oh, it is glory! oh, it is glory!  
Oh, it is glory in my soul!  
For I have touched the hem of His garment,  
And His blood doth make me whole.

But my heart, untamed and restless,  
Loved to roam in pleasures gay,  
And the voice of God kept calling,  
"Turn, oh, turn while yet you may."

So I turned to Christ the Saviour,  
Came to Him with all my sin,  
Did the Saviour cast me from His love?  
No, He smiled and took me in.

Now my life is bright and happy,  
Jesus leads me every day,  
And while I to Him keep looking,  
I shall never go astray.

So I say to you, poor sinner,  
Come and get your sins forgiven,  
Jesus waits just now to have you,  
Wants to make you fit for heaven.

### We are Soldiers.

BY CAPTAIN PENNEY.

TUNE—*Shall we gather at the river?* ("B.J.", 21; "S.M.", 1, 105.)

We are soldiers of the Army,  
Going forth to seek the lost;  
Previous souls around as dying,  
On the waves of sin are tossed.

CHORUS.

You, we'll seek the lost for Jesus,  
We'll do our best to bring them in for Jesus;  
His precious blood alone can save them,  
And cleanse them from all sin.

We have heard the cry for pity,  
We have heard the drunkard's wail;

We have listened to the outcasts  
As they told their pitiful tale.

As true soldiers of the Army,  
Caring not for self or ease;

We go forth with Calvary's Spirit,  
Living not the flesh to please.

Drunkard, swearer, thief and liar,  
The' you've gone so far in sin,  
Jesus waits with arms extended,  
To forgive and take you in.

### All for You.

BY CANDIDATE AMY CHAPPELL, KINGSTON.

TUNE—*Lord Jesus I long.* ("B.J.", 60; "S.M.", 1, 184, 195.)

How loving is Jesus, Who came from the skies,  
Is tenderest pity for sinners to die;  
His hands and His feet they were nailed to

the tree,  
And all this He suffered to save you and me.

His brow it was pierced by the sharpened

thorn,  
His side with the spear of the Romans was

torn;  
His hands and His feet they were nailed to

the tree,  
And all this He suffered, poor sinners to free.

The fountain He opened, it is flowing just now,  
His blood it can make every heart white as

snow,  
Can break all the chains that have bound you

with sin,  
And you shall find pardon and cleansing in His